

SHAKESPEARIANA.

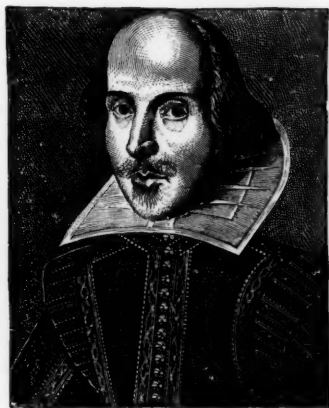
"Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety."—ANT. & CLEO.

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THE PORTRAITS OF SHAKESPEARE.



THE DROESHOUT ENGRAVING.

II. THE DROESHOUT ENGRAVING.

IN 1623 was published the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, generally known as the First Folio. It is of small folio size, and on the title-page, in a space left for the purpose, this engraving appears. The plate is about $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by $6\frac{1}{4}$ wide. On the lower left hand corner is the inscription: "Martin Droeshout Sculpsit London." The same plate was used in the second (1632), third (1663 and 1664), and fourth (1685), folio editions of Shakespeare. In the Second Folio the plate appeared in the same position as in the first edition, and this is also the case in the copies of the Third Folio that are dated 1663; but in copies of that edition dated 1664 the engraving is on a leaf opposite to, and facing the title-page, and surmounting verses by Ben Jonson referred to below. In the Fourth Folio the engraving occupies the same place that it does in copies of the third edition dated 1664.

In the first, second, and 1663 copies of the third edition, opposite the title-page, and facing it, on the back of the leaf which generally bears the bastard title in books, are printed the following verses by Ben Jonson:

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou heere seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was euer writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

In copies of the third edition dated 1664, and in the Fourth Folio, these verses, with some unimportant typographical variations, appear on the same page as the portrait and

surmounted by it—that is, facing the title-page.

The verses are printed above as they appear in the first edition. They are certainly not of a high order of merit, but quite in accordance with the spirit of the time when they were written.

Droeshout engraved a number of plates, among which may be mentioned a head of Chapman, published in his translation of Homer; portraits of John Fox; John Howson, Bishop of Durham; Richard Elton, and Lord Mountjoy Blount. His portrait of Shakespeare, however, while exhibiting the same hard, stiff style, is the worst of them all.

As the same plate was used in the four folio editions, it became more worn with each successive edition, until, in the fourth, it was very much poorer than in the first.

Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips possesses an impression of the Droeshout engraving in a different state from any in which it appeared in the four folio editions. In a privately printed little book issued by him in 1868, "for presents only," entitled "*A Catalogue of a small portion of the Engravings and Drawings illustrative of the Life of Shakespeare, preserved in the collection formed by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F. R. S.*," 8vo. Printed for private reference, 1868, p. 35, he says:

"The engraved head of Shakespeare on the title-page of the first collective edition of his Plays, 1623, Martin Droeshout sculpsit, London. *The original engraving by Droeshout before it was altered by an inferior hand, of extreme rarity, and the earliest engraved portrait of Shakespeare in existence.*

"No writers on the subject have suspected that the engraved portrait of Shakespeare, by Droeshout, 1623, has hitherto been accessible to them and to the public only in a vitiated form.

"A very superficial comparison of this original impression with the print in its ordinary state, will suffice to establish the wide difference of appearance between the two impressions, a difference so great as to present an absolute variation of expression. But a long and attentive examination will be required before all the minute points of difference will be observed. Amongst these may be specially mentioned one in the left eyebrow of the portrait, which, in the original, is shaded from left to right, whereas, in the other, it is shaded from right to left. In the latter, under the shading can be traced, with the aid of the magnifying glass, portions of the earlier work, a fact decisively proving that the engraving was altered, perhaps by some inferior hand, into the form hitherto generally seen.

"The following observations upon the pres-

ent copy of the engraving were kindly communicated by my late friend, F. W. Fairholt, F. S. A. 'The portrait, in this state of the engraving, is remarkable for clearness of tone; the shadows being very delicately rendered, so that the light falls upon the muscles of the face with a softness not to be found in the ordinary impressions. This is particularly visible in the arch under the eye, and in the muscles of the mouth; the expression of the latter is much altered in the later states of the plate by the enlargement of the up-turned moustache, which hides and destroys the true character of this part of the face. The whole of the shadows have been darkened by cross-hatching and coarse dotting, particularly on the chin; this gives a coarse and undue prominence to some parts of the portrait, the forehead particularly. In this early state of the plate the hair is darker than any of the shadows on the head, and flows softly and naturally; in the retouched plate the shadow is much darker than the roots of the hair, imparting a swelled look to the head and giving the hair the appearance of a raised wig. It is remarkable that no shadow falls across the collar; this omission, and the general low tone of color in the engraving, may have induced the retouching and strengthening which has injured the true character of the likeness, which, in its original state, is far more worthy of Ben Jonson's commendatory lines.'

"Mr. William Smith, whose knowledge of early engravings is unrivaled, thus writes, in reference to a suggestion that the variations were caused by an accident to the plate,—'I was unwilling to answer your note until I had made another careful examination of your engraving, as well as of the very fine impression in the usual state which we have recently purchased for the National Portrait Gallery. This I have now done, and I can find no traces of any damage whatever. I fully believe that, on what is technically termed *proving* the plate, it was thought that much of the work was so delicate as not to allow of a sufficient number of impressions being printed. Droeshout might probably have refused to spoil his work, and it was retouched by an inferior, and coarser engraver.'

When Mr. William Page, of New York, was studying the subject of Shakespeare's portraits, with a view to preparing his portrait and bust of Shakespeare, he was very anxious to see a photograph of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips' unique impression of the Droeshout engraving, and I was glad to be able to be the means of procuring him one from Mr. Halliwell-Phillips. In his valu-

able *Study of Shakespeare's Portraits*, 48mo, London, 1876, p. 11, Mr. Page says:

"When I speak of the Droeshout print, I mean an earlier, and, as far as I know, an unique impression from the same plate as the print known in the first folio of 1623, which earlier and much more characteristic impression is in the possession of J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, Esq., of London, to whom I owe more thanks than I can express for a photograph of it, through the kindness of J. Parker Norris, Esq., of Philadelphia."

On page 33 he further says: "I must record in this connection how the Halliwell-Droeshout differs from the usually known print in the first folio of 1623. I cannot do better than refer to Mr. Halliwell's views, as expressed in his 'Catalogue of a Small Portion of the Engravings and Drawings Illustrative of the Life of Shakespeare, preserved in the Collection formed by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, Esq., F. R. S., etc. Printed for Private Reference.' My attention was called to this unique Droeshout by an extract from this 'Catalogue' in an article on the portraits of Shakespeare, by J. Parker Norris, Esq., of Philadelphia, who also finally procured me a full-sized photograph of the same from Mr. Halliwell."

"I have carefully compared the photographs of this Halliwell-Droeshout with the two prints from the same plate in the Astor Library, the darker one from the collection of the Duke of Buckingham. Mr. Halliwell's is evidently an earlier impression from the same plate before it was retouched and used for the other known impressions in the first folio of 1623. The differences which Mr. Halliwell points out are very obvious. In the impressions from the retouched plate in the Astor Library, the lights and darks are generally emphasized at the expense of characterization. Whoever retouched the plate, in his mistaken efforts to improve the general effect, lost markings, modelings, accents all over the face. Yet this darker impression in the Astor Library must have been an uncommonly good one after the retouchings mentioned. But character is lost in the left temple, lost utterly in the differences in the eyebrows, so evident in the Halliwell-Droeshout, and identified in the Stratford bust and the Death Mask. In the retouched plate the eyebrows are evened over and brought to the prim precision which the later workman aimed at. Quite a thorough-going line is carried over both eyebrows, which, in the earlier impression, was much more delicate and individual. The new workman had a praiseworthy intention also in adding the shadow upon the col-

lar, which did not exist at all in the earlier state of the plate. That it was the same plate may be known from the accidents in it, repeated in all the impressions by a little black spot under the nose and at the corner of the mouth. I say *accidents*, because there is no evidence of lines being laid by the graving tool to represent such markings in the original from which the portrait was taken. They are caused by bad places in the metal of the plate. The peculiar marking or corrugation of the left eyebrow, as indication of a certain peculiar marking between the nose and the hairs of the brow of the actual person, is all lost in the retouched plate. * * * * *

The meaning of the Halliwell-Droeshout is more evident, and the original lines laid with more truth to nature in the original intention. I have submitted my photograph of it to experts in engraving and corrected my impressions, when necessary, in regard to what was intentional by the artist and rendered by the graving tool, and what was accidental to the plate or to the impression from it."

I also sent, at his request, a photograph of the Halliwell-Phillipps' unique impression of the Droeshout engraving to Mr. Lenox, of New York, the founder of the Lenox Library, and to whom the public owes so much for his noble gift, which will carry his name down to all time. In acknowledging its receipt, he wrote me as follows, under date of August 24th, 1874:

"I have received, and hasten to offer my acknowledgments for, the photographic likeness of Shakespeare. It enables me to understand, better than I did, Mr. Halliwell's remarks in his 'Catalogue of Engravings Illustrative of Shakespeare,' though I cannot yet comprehend the whole of them. Compared with the portrait in my copies of the folio 1623, I can see no difference in the *shading of the left eyebrow, etc.*, but the *upturned moustache* is enlarged, and there are more lines in my copies for the shading of the forehead. Indeed, these seem to be intermediate between Mr. H.'s and those subsequently struck off. Yet as a whole, mine, and especially Harris's fac-simile, are softer and clearer than your photograph—a difference owing probably to the photograph and not perhaps in the original."

"On examining my volume I unexpectedly found a cutting from one of Lilly's catalogues, which I had probably put into the volume for the purpose of examination and forgotten. I copy it:

"Lilly's catalogue of rare, curious, useful books, page 112 (date not known.) * * *

"A perfect copy of this precious volume. The portrait is in a unique state, before the

shading on the left side of the laced collar, but imprint below is in fac-simile.'

"In my copies the 'laced collar' on S.'s left side is different from your photograph. There *is* a shading from the chin up to the hair."

Droeshout's engraving is supposed by many to represent Shakespeare in a theatrical costume, with a stage wig. Indeed, critics have even gone so far as to suggest that it represented him in the character of Old Knowell in Ben Jonson's play of *Every Man in his Humour*, which Shakespeare is known to have acted in. It has also been further suggested that if this were so it would help to explain Ben Jonson's warm commendation of the engraving. While very ingenious, of course these are only conjectures.

In 1640 was published "Poems. Written by Wil. Shakespeare, Gent. Printed by Tho. Cotes, and are to be sold by Iohn Benson, dwelling in St. Dunstan's Church-yard. 1640." In this book appeared a plate, consisting of a portrait of Shakespeare, copied from the Droeshout picture, but changed in many details. It was engraved by W. Marshall.

In copying the Droeshout plate Marshall has turned the head in the opposite direction, and added to the length of the figure so as to show the left arm, with the hand covered with a gauntlet, and grasping a branch intended to represent laurel. Over the right shoulder he has draped a cloak. The whole is inclosed in an oval frame. Marshall's engraving presents a worse appearance than Droeshout's.

The opinions of writers as to the merits of Droeshout's engraving have been various, but the majority of them are unfavorable.

George Steevens says: "The verses in praise of Droeshout's performance were probably written as soon as they were bespoke, and before their author had an opportunity or inclination to compare the plate with its original. It is lucky, indeed, for those to whom metrical recommendations are necessary, that custom does not require they should be delivered on oath. It is also probable that Ben Jonson had no acquaintance with the graphic art, and might not have been oversolicitous about the style in which Shakespeare's lineaments were transmitted to posterity."

John Britton, the antiquary, indorses what Steevens says, and adds that he cannot express his opinions better than by quoting Steevens' language, which he accordingly does.

James Boaden, in his *Inquiry into Various Pictures, Prints, etc.*, 8vo, London: 1824, p.

17, states that "this portrait exhibits an aspect of calm benevolence and tender thought; great comprehension, and a kind of mixt feeling, as when melancholy yields to the suggestions of fancy." He further relates that Mr. Kemble, the celebrated actor, was much pleased with it,

Abraham Wivell (*An Inquiry into the History, Authenticity, and Characteristics of the Shakespeare Portraits, etc.*, 8vo, London: 1827, p. 56) thinks that this engraving has the "most indubitable right to originality. It is, as I may say, the key to unlock and detect almost all the impositions that have, at various times, arrested so much of public attention. It is a witness that can refute all false evidence, and will satisfy every discerning how to appreciate and how to convict."

J. Hain Friswell (*Life Portraits of William Shakespeare*, 8vo, London: 1864, p. 40) says that the engraving "is, it may be presumed, not a skillful one, nor does it leave a very pleasing image on the beholder. * * * *

The eyes are peculiar; they are hardly fellows, but are not altogether ill drawn, and have about them a worn and hard-worked look. The cheeks are full and round; the hair straight, and turned under at the ears, which are without rings; the lip is long, and the moustache grows under each nostril, leaving a complete division as in the bust. * * *

We may, therefore, after weighing the evidence carefully, and taking into consideration the probabilities of the case, assume that the most authentic representation of the poet is that attached to the first folio of 1623, and that we may take it, together with the bust at Stratford-on-Avon, as a test of the genuineness of the many other assumed portraits of the poet."

Dr. C. M. Ingleby ("The Portraiture of Shakespeare," in his *Shakespeare, the Man and the Book*, 4to, London: 1877, p. 81) is of opinion that "next in authenticity to the bust is Droeshout's engraving, prefixed to the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's Works. It must have been executed after Shakespeare's death; and therefore we may be sure it was taken from some sketch or painting, probably in the possession of Mrs. Shakespeare or Dr. John Hall. * * * * * Even in its best state it is such a monstrosity that I, for one, do not believe that it had any trustworthy exemplar."

J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps (*The Works of William Shakespeare*, folio, London: 1853, Vol. I, p. 237) thinks that "although the defects in the drawing are painfully apparent, yet as being in all probability a copy from a genuine original picture, it is entitled to respectful consideration. Making allowances for inac-

curate proportions, there appears to me to be a sufficient similarity between the bust and the print to lead to the conclusion that both are authentic and confirmatory of each other."

It will be seen that while some critics find nothing to admire, others think very highly of this portrait. It certainly has no claim to rank very high as a work of art, and it strikes many people at first sight as unlike any human being; but long familiarity with it makes one first tolerate, and then grow to like it. It is as well authenticated as the Stratford bust, as Ben Jonson's testimony is of the highest value. He knew Shakespeare well, and loved him too, in spite of what his detractors have tried to show. It is not probable, therefore, that Jonson would have given such a high testimonial to its merit as a likeness if it had not been so. Probably its faults are all to be laid at the door of Martin Droeshout. It is deeply to be regretted that the publishers of the first folio did not select a better engraver.

Droeshout's engraving has been reproduced by many subsequent engravers, generally with indifferent results. They all seem to have tried to improve on the original engraving, and having nothing but their fancy to guide them in their efforts to do so, the results have not been satisfactory.

The early editions of Shakespeare (apart from the four folios, which, as has before been stated, contained the original Droeshout engraving), did not reproduce this picture of the poet. The plate engraved for Bell's edition, and dated 1786, is, I think, the earliest. It is a poor performance, and gives but a faint idea of the original engraving.

In 1791 H. Brocas engraved a plate for William Jones, which is very poor.

When Ireland gave to the world his wretched forgeries, which he succeeded in palming off on many men who should have known better as original MS. by Shakespeare, Samuel Ireland engraved, in 1795, the miserable drawing which bears some slight resemblance to the Droeshout; but it is so miserably executed that it looks more like the work of some child.

Thurston drew a poor copy of Droeshout's picture, which was engraved by Rivers, and published by Sherwin & Co. in 1821. In this print the expression of the face is much altered.

J. Swaine was much more successful in his copy, published in Boaden's *Inquiry*, 8vo, London: 1824, but he has softened the expression very materially.

W. H. Worthington engraved a small plate for Pickering in 1825, which is very indifferent, although the work is fine.

Wivell gave the best copy of the original engraving that had then been published. It is engraved by C. Picart, and accompanied Wivell's *Inquiry*, 8vo, London: 1827. The background, and also the face, is not engraved in the same manner as Droeshout's picture.

About this time W. Smith, of London, published quite a good copy of Droeshout's engraving. There is no date on the plate, and Ben Jonson's lines are printed underneath.

T. H. Lacy published in 1857 a volume entitled *Legend of Shakespeare's Crab Tree*, by Green, which contained quite a fair copy of the Droeshout. The engraver's name is not given.

An engraving by H. Robinson, with Shakespeare's autograph under it, believed to be about 1860, possesses some merit, but the expression is changed.

The first accurate reproduction of Droeshout's picture was one made by the photo-zincographic process—at the Ordinance Survey Office, Southampton, under the direction of Sir Henry James, in 1862.

A still better one, by photolithography, was published by Day & Son, in 1864. This is capital. The same photolithograph was used in Staunton's photolithograph of the First Folio, published by the same firm in 1866.

Photographs of Droeshout's engraving are not generally successful, as the cross hatching so extensively used by Droeshout does not come out clear in the negative, and the yellowish tint of the paper of the original folio, causes a general darkness of tone in the print, which is not satisfactory.

To copy Droeshout's plate successfully on wood is a most difficult feat, but the cut that accompanies this article, though small, gives a fair representation of the original engraving.

Marshall's plate has been frequently copied. One of the earliest copies is by Delattre, and published by J. Bell, 1786, in Bell's Shakespeare.

In 1655 an edition of the *Rape of Lucrece* was published in 16mo, containing a frontispiece representing Lucrece stabbing herself. In a small oval at the top of the plate is a poor copy of Marshall's engraving. This frontispiece was reproduced by R. Sawyer, in 1819.

Boaden, in his *Inquiry* (8vo, London: 1824), gave the best copy of Marshall's engraving, and in 1832 Pickering published a plate by H. Robinson, which is entirely different from Marshall's.

J. Parker Norris

NOTES ON "JULIUS CÆSAR."

SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF NORTH'S PLUTARCH.—The closeness with which the dramatist follows Plutarch in *Julius Cæsar* and the other Roman plays has been noted by the commentators generally. Archbishop Trench, in his *Lectures on Plutarch*, only copies Gerwinus in contrasting this with the freedom and individuality with which Shakespeare has elsewhere treated his borrowed materials:

"Take, for instance, his employment of some Italian novel, Bandello's or Cinthio's. He derives from it the barest outline—a suggestion perhaps is all, with a name or two here and there, but neither dialogue nor character. On the first fair occasion that offers he abandons his original altogether, that so he may expatiate freely in the higher and nobler world of his own thoughts and fancies. But his relations with Plutarch are different—different enough to justify, or almost to justify, the words of Jean Paul, when in his *Titan* he calls Plutarch 'der biographische Shakespeare der Weltgeschichte.' What a testimony we have to the true artistic sense and skill, which with all his occasional childish simplicity the old biographer possesses, in the fact that the mightiest and completest artist of all times should be content to resign himself into his hands, and simply to follow where the other leads!"

Even the blunders of Plutarch, or of his copyists and editors (as *Decius Brutus* for *Decimus Brutus*, *Calphurnia* for *Calpurnia*, and the like), are literally reproduced in the play. To my mind this is proof positive that Bacon did not write it. He was too good a scholar to follow blindly the translation of a translation, repeating errors which a scholar would neither make himself nor fail to detect in another; and he was too independent to adopt the views of any one authority without comparing them with others that were equally well known to him. And yet Judge Holmes thinks that Bacon did write *Julius Cæsar* in 1607, "just when he was engaged upon the characters of Julius and Augustus Cæsar (written in Latin), in which allusion is made to Cæsar's ambition for a crown." If the Judge really believed that the play and Bacon's *Character of Julius Cæsar* were written at about the same time (the play, as we now know, must have been written at least as early as 1601) by the same man, it is strange that it did not occur to him to compare carefully the two delineations of the great Roman. If his theory is sound, they ought to agree in their main features, but to me they seem distinctly different conceptions of Cæsar's character. It would take too much space to illustrate the difference here, but I strongly advise any one who is

inclined to the Baconian hypothesis to read the *Character of Julius Cæsar*, and then ask himself if that is Shakespeare's Julius. Judge Holmes discreetly avoids this very natural comparison, while in support of his wild fancy he quotes, as a "parallel" to a portion of the play, an extract from one of Bacon's *Essays*, in which he overlooks the fact that Bacon has "*Decimus Brutus*" in place of North's and Shakespeare's *Decius*, and "*Calphurnia*" instead of their *Calpurnia*. He must have overlooked it, or he would have tried to explain it away; for it proves that Bacon knew better than to make the blunders that Shakespeare has made. And while the Judge is blind to so significant a discrepancy as this, he cites as significant coincidences Bacon's using the phrase, "he put it off thus," and Shakespeare's "he put it by with the back of his hand thus" (though the two are used in very different connections and senses, Bacon's being figurative and Shakespeare's literal); also, Bacon's "and the manner of it is this," and Shakespeare's "tell us the manner of it;" and even Bacon's "a great deal of," and Shakespeare's "such a deal of!" If any one suspects that I am making fun of the good Judge (though in these matters he seems to me a very bad judge and a poor hand at summing up evidence), he has only to refer to the last edition of *The Authorship of Shakespeare*, pp. 286-289. It is quite conceivable, of course, that the same writer should call a man *Decius* and *Decimus*—the former from Bacon's pen being a "parallel" to Sly's "Richard Conqueror" in the *Shrew*—but that two men should use expressions so peculiar and characteristic as "the manner of it" and "a deal" or "great deal" passes belief. Must not Bacon be Shakespeare or Shakespeare Bacon, when their speech thus bewrayeth them?

To be serious, if Bacon had written Roman plays, would he not have written them after the manner of Ben Jonson, citing classical authorities in foot-notes for the accuracy of their archaeological details, rather than after the manner of Shakespeare, with his free-and-easy lapses and anachronisms? Judge Holmes tells us that "William Shakespeare could have had but little pretension to the learning" required for writing *Julius Cæsar*; but what classical learning is there in it which is not drawn from North's *Plutarch*? It is when the poet deserts his authority that he falls into errors like that of making the Cap-

itol the scene of the murder (in which, however, he may have preferred to follow the popular idea), and into anachronisms like the introduction of striking clocks and making Cicero speak Greek in a popular assembly.

Many excellent critics confess that they are puzzled by the delineation of Cæsar in the play. It is evident, from the many allusions to him in the other plays, that his character and history had made a deep impression on the poet. Craik, after quoting the references to Cæsar in *A. Y. L.*, *2 Henry IV*, *Henry V*, the three parts of *Henry VI*, *Richard III*, *Hamlet*, *A. and C.*, and *Cymbeline*, remarks that these passages "will probably be thought to afford a considerably more comprehensive representation of the mighty Julius than the play which bears his name." In the latter, he adds, "we have a distinct exhibition of little else beyond his vanity and arrogance, relieved and set off by his good nature and affability. * * * * It might almost be suspected that the complete and full-length Cæsar had been carefully reserved for another drama." Hazlitt remarks that the hero of the play "makes several vamping and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing; indeed, he has nothing to do." Hudson says: "Cæsar is far from being himself in these scenes; hardly one of the speeches put into his mouth can be regarded as historically characteristic; taken altogether, they are little short of a downright caricature." He is in doubt whether to explain this by supposing that Cæsar was too great for the hero of a drama, "since his greatness, if brought forward in full measure, would leave no room for anything else" (it may be noted, in passing, that in *Henry V* the poet has given his ideal king a part somewhat like this, making the play little else than a "magnificent monologue"), or whether it was not Shakespeare's plan "to represent Cæsar, not as he was indeed, but as he appeared to the conspirators; to make us see him as they saw him; in order that they too might have fair and equal judgment at our hands." Hudson is disposed to rest on the latter explanation, but to me it seems a wrong one. What the conspirators thought of Cæsar is evident enough from what they themselves say of him. It was not necessary to distort or belittle the character to make us see *how* they saw him; and to do it to make us see him *as* they saw him, would have been an injustice to the foremost man of all this world, of which I cannot imagine Shakespeare guilty. As to its being necessary in order that we may do justice to the conspirators, if it leads us to justify them in killing Cæsar, does it not make the fate that after-

ward befalls them appear most undeserved? Does it not enlist our sympathies too exclusively on their side?

On the whole, I am disposed to see in this delineation of Cæsar only another illustration of the poet's close adherence to his authority. I believe that he meant to represent his hero as Plutarch represents him—as having become ambitious for kingly power, somewhat spoiled by success, jealous and fearful of his enemies in the State, and superstitious withal, yet hiding his fears and misgivings under an arrogant and haughty demeanor. He is shown, moreover, at a critical point in his career hesitating between his ambition for the crown—which we need not suppose to have been of a merely selfish sort—and his doubt whether the time had come for him to accept the crown. It may be questioned whether Cæsar could be truly himself just then—whether even he, at such a crisis in his fortunes, might not show something of the weakness of inferior natures.

It must be remembered, too, that, as Hazlitt has said, Cæsar *does* nothing in the play, *has* nothing to do, except to play the part of the victim in the assassination. So far as any opportunities of showing what he really *is* are concerned, he is at much the same disadvantage as "the man in the coffin" at a funeral—a very essential character in the performance, but in no sense an actor in it. If he is to impress us as indeed "great Cæsar," it must be by what he says, not by what he does, and by what he says when there is no occasion for grand and heroic utterance. In the circumstances, a little boasting and bravado appear to be necessary to his being recognized as the Roman Dictator.

After all, there is not so very much of this boastful language put into the mouth of Cæsar; and, as Knight reminds us, some of it is evidently uttered to disguise his fear. When he says,

"The Gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear,"

he is speaking to the servant who has brought the message from the augurers. "Before *him* he could show no fear;" but the moment the servant has gone (he is doubtless intended to leave the stage) he tells Calpurnia that "for her humor he will stay at home," proving plainly enough that he *does* fear. His reply afterward to Decius, "Cowards die many times before their deaths," etc., is directly suggested by Plutarch, who says that when his friends "did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person," he would not consent to it, "but

said it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death." His last speech—

"I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank
Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he
Let me a little show it," etc.—

though boastful, is not unnatural at the time, being drawn from him by the persistent importunities of the friends of Cimber. The fact that Cæsar has so little to say appears to have led the critics to exaggerate this characteristic of his speeches.

"The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason" (ii, i, 18).

Wright explains *remorse* here as "tender feeling, pity; not necessarily compunction for what has been done;" and this, I think, is the meaning. Hudson defines *remorse* as "conscience, or conscientiousness;" and *reason*, he says, is "used in the same sense," the conscience being, "in a philosophical sense, the *moral* reason." Is not this "reading into" the passage a meaning that is not there? Brutus simply says that power is liable to become arbitrary and merciless; in its ambition to rise yet higher, it thinks only of itself and forgets the claims of others. Compare what Prospero says to Antonio, *Temp.* v, i, 76:

"You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature;"

that is, pity and natural feeling. *Remorse* is the *mercy* of Portia's famous plea (*M. of V.* iv, i, 184 fol.), which is "enthroned in the hearts of kings, and "seasons," or "tempers," even "justice." Brutus goes on to say that, to speak truth of Cæsar, he has not yet allowed his passions to prevail over his *reason*, and to lead him to abuse his greatness. His *ambition* is still under the control of his better judgment; it has not yet expelled *remorse and nature*. Craik paraphrases the passage very well: "The abuse to which greatness is most subject is when it deadens in its possessor the natural sense of humanity, or of that which binds us to our kind; and this I do not say that it has yet done in the case of Cæsar; I have never known that in him selfish affection, or mere passion, has carried it over reason."

Coleridge was perplexed by what follows, and asks, "What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" Hudson thinks that the "poet must have regarded him simply as a well-meaning, but conceited and shallow idealist." As an idealist, indeed, but not as "conceited and shallow." That was not

Shakespeare's conception of "the noblest Roman of them all." He is one of the types of "the scholar in politics." He is a scholar, a philosopher, and a patriot; but he is not a statesman. He is an "idealist," and strongly wanting in practical wisdom. He is a perfect specimen of a certain class of reformers—men of the noblest sentiments and the most patriotic and philanthropic intentions, but incapable of carrying these out wisely in action. Such men are easily misled and made tools of by those more unscrupulous than themselves; as Brutus was by Cassius and the rest. They are often inconsistent in argument, as Brutus in the speech which puzzled Coleridge. They are influenced by one-sided views of an important question, deciding it hastily without looking at it from all sides, as they ought, and as those who are less rash and impulsive see that they ought. So Brutus sends to Cassius for gold to pay his legions, because he cannot raise money by vile means; but he knows how Cassius raises the money, and has no scruples about sharing in the fruits of the "indirection." He is thinking only of paying his soldiers, and does not see that he is an accomplice after the act in what he so sharply reproves in Cassius. He is inconsistent here, as in many other cases, but the inconsistency is perfectly consistent with the character.

Cassius is a worse man, but a better statesman, or rather, I should say, politician. He is shrewd and fertile in expedients, but not overburdened with principle. He is tricky, and believes that the end justifies the means. He can write "Morey letters" to Brutus, "in several hands, as if they came from several citizens," and can post "campaign" placards on old Brutus' statue, and scatter them where they will "do most good." Though none too honest himself, he appreciates the value of a good name to "the cause," and therefore wishes to secure the indorsement of one whose "countenance, like richest alchemy, will change to virtue and to worthiness" what he says "would appear offense in us"—the professional politicians.

We must not, however, take Cassius to be worse than he really is. As a politician he is a believer in "expediency;" but as a man he has in him much that is admirable. If it were not so, Brutus could not love him as he does. He has a high sense of personal honor withal. He is indignant when Brutus tells him that he has "an itching palm;" but he has just told Brutus that bribery is not to be judged severely when it is necessary for political purposes:

"In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment."

There spoke the politician; in the other case, the man. We must not be too hard upon him. He would be an invaluable manager of

the "machine" in our day, and would be as sure of a place in the *Senate* as in the old Roman times.

W. J. Royle

SHAKESPEARE'S TIMES AND ASSOCIATES.

I.

I WISH to gather together in this paper a few shadowy records of the sort of life that surrounded Shakespeare; the kind of associates to whom the sight of his glorious brow and serene eyes, the sound of his mellow and resonant voice, came pleasantly, yet familiarly as their daily bread.

Let us transport ourselves to London of the olden time, whither Shakespeare went in 1587, in his twenty-third year, and where he remained for twenty-five years, gaining wealth and honor, distinguished by the highest in the land, and known among his fellows by the affectionate epithet of "gentle" Shakespeare. We return to the days of gilt rapiers and roses on the shoes, of ruff and farthingale, of peaked beards and slashed hosen; to days when forks were a novelty, and tobacco smoking the last caprice of fashion. Forget for the moment black coats, peg-top trousers, and chimney-pot tiles, and people the old streets with crowds of gallants in motley rustling silks, shining with iris colors, and matching so well the gay bonnet feathers and ribbons, and the jewels in the ear. Mix in the mob a sprinkling of leather-jerkined apprentices, soberly-clad citizens with flat-caps, players in faded satin, sturdy water-carriers, and noisy shopkeepers calling out all day long at their doors, or beneath the gabled pent-houses, "What do you lack?"

Strain our imaginations as much as we will, it is difficult to form a conception at once accurate and comprehensive of the towns of the Elizabethan period. Old London, above all, with its walls and gates; its involved, narrow, and crooked streets, traversed by plumed and ponderous coaches, that must have looked not unlike our hearses, only gilt and painted; the overhanging gables of the houses, that left but a small slip of sky to gaze at; the shops hung thick with signs; the throng of itinerant salesmen, charcoal sellers, buyers of

old lace, venders of hot peas, and Irish apple-mongers, the open stalls piled with rapiers and targets, Italian armor and poniards, silk-points, ruffs and feathers, roses for shoes, scarves, and a thousand other articles of decoration, destined to moulder in quiet country vaults, or to be treasured here and there, with wrong dates attached to them, in the wardrobes of old show-mansions. Then the Thames, with waves (perhaps pellucid then) covered with thousands of watermen with their boats, and at once sheltered by palaces and shaded by trees. Its bridge, old London bridge, is lined with quaint old houses, with gable-ends, platform roofs, and small gardens with arbors. The sober citizens regard their bridge as one of the wonders of the world, and exult rather than mourn over the occasional spectacle of as many as thirty heads at a time of priests and rebels impaled on the gate-house spikes.

The country visitor of that day would be carried to the Bear Gardens in Southwark, introduced to the gallants at the ordinary, and jostled among the jugglers and showmen of the city fairs. He would peep into the alchemist's smoky laboratory or the dim study of the astrologer. He would glance askance at the filthy London prisons, and listen to tales, both tragic and comic, of the atrocities and knaveries of their numerous inmates, and about three o'clock in the afternoon he would step into the theatre, either the "Globe," across the river, or the theatre at Shoreditch.

In the days which I am attempting to recall, manners are stately and costumes picturesque. The amusements of "a man about town" are not pigeon-shooting, billiards, the ring, and the opera-comique, but tilting at "the ring and the glass" in the tilt-yard, frequenting the ordinary and the play. In the country for fox-hunting is substituted

hawking. The fashionable foreign language is Italian, not French, Venice, not Paris, being the favorite Continental place of resort. There is no West End of London, nor West End exclusiveness. The gay gallant who in the morning consorts with citizens of Finsbury or Moorfields may at night be seen stepping a "canary" at Whitehall. Paul's—not Hyde Park—is the great daily promenade. The Strand is the noblemen's quarter.

At three the theatres open, and the gallant hurries off from the ordinary to see Shakespeare's friend, the celebrated tragedian Burbage, play Richard III. He pays his shilling and goes into the "lord's room" or stage-box; or, hiring a stool for sixpence, sits upon the stage itself and smokes or plays at "primero" till the three trumpets announce the advent of the prologue. He has two or three sorts of tobacco, and lights, which he will hand to his friends on the point of his sword. If fond of the drama, he stays two hours, till Kempe has sung the last verse of his jig. A few years earlier he would have seen the comedian Tarlton, an odd, smiling fellow, often met with at fairs, in russet coat and buttoned cap, standing on one toe as he blows the pipe and beats the tabor. He is celebrated as Touchstone, and was Shakespeare's jester.

Burbage, Kempe, Tarlton—these were three notable associates and contemporaries of Shakespeare. Their names were oftener in men's mouths than those of Burleigh or Walsingham. Their accents enchained more attentive ears than did the glorious poetry of Edmund Spenser. Richard Burbage was, like Shakespeare himself, a Warwickshire man and a colleague of the great dramatist, both on the boards and in the management of the Globe Theatre. He was the chief actor in the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and was the first to embody his Hamlet, Richard III, Lear, and other characters. He is thus lamented in a contemporary elegy upon his death:

"No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath,
Shall cry Revenge, for his dear Father's death:—
Poor Romeo never more shall tears beget
For Juliet's love and cruel Capulet.
Harry shall not be seen as King or Prince:
They died with thee, dear Dick, and not long since.
Edward shall lack a representative;
And Crookback, as befits, shall cease to live.
Tyrant Macbeth, with unwashed bloody hand,
We vainly now may hope to understand.
Brutus and Marcius henceforth must be dumb,
For ne'er thy like upon the stage shall come
To charm the faculty of ears and eyes,
Unless we would command the dead to rise."

The epitaph placed over Burbage is one of the shortest and most expressive that ever

was penned. It consists simply of the old familiar stage direction: "Exit Burbage."

Tarlton was, however, the earliest of this trio of players. He was a reckless, roaring blade, who made faces and uttered gibes upon every opportunity. He was advanced to the service of Queen Elizabeth, as groom of Her Majesty's Chamber, being, in fact, her jester. Old Fuller says of him: "Our Tarlton was master of his faculty. When Queen Elizabeth was serious, I dare not say sullen and out of good humor, he could *undumpish* her at his pleasure. Her highest favorites would, in some cases, go to Tarlton before they would go to the Queen, and he was their usher to prepare their advantageous access to her. * * * He cured her melancholy better than all the physicians. Much of his merriment lay in his very looks and actions."

This last assertion is indorsed by what was said of him on the stage:

"So Tarlton, when his head was only seen,
The Tire house door and Tapestry between,
Set all the multitude in such a laughter,
They could not hold for scarce an hour after."

Tarlton's "jigs" were humorous compositions, sung generally by the clown after the play was over. He occasionally danced to them, and accompanied himself on the pipe and drum. This famous jester, like Grimaldi, was an exceedingly ugly man, having a flat nose and a squint, which exposed him to many a taunting gibe. But as an old playwright says of him: "The finesse was within, and to every jester he gave as good as he got." He was a great master of fence, and won many a match at sword-play. He was also an author of ballads, jests, and interludes. A couplet more famous than wise is attributed to him:

"The King of France, with 40,000 men,
Went up a hill, and soon came down again."

William Kempe was the successor of Tarlton in the popular character of public buffoon. He was the original performer of Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and of Peter in *Romeo and Juliet*. His *Merriment of the Wise Men of Gotham* contributed to make his reputation as great as was that of Grimaldi, or the elder Matthews in later days. Much of his wit and humor must have been improvised at the time of performance; for there is nothing very sprightly in the text of the *Wise Men* as handed down to us. He appears to have been very successful in some of his jigs, and to have performed some extraordinary feats of agility.

Shakespeare himself was a respectable player, and took the parts of old men, such

as Adam in his own play of *As You Like It*, and a class of character called by the French *Le pere noble*. But he evidently disliked the occupation. He saw himself undervalued, named, along with Burbage and Greene, as one of "His Majesty's poor players," and said in the bitterness of humiliation:

"Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
dear."—*Sonn. cx.*

And again:

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Happily I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at Heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."
—*Sonn. xxix.*

The poet's face, as handed down to us in portraits, presents a singular calm and elevation of expression, especially when we con-

sider how fierce were the conflicts, how terrible the attitudes of some of the creatures to which his imagination gave birth. Did the woes of Lear and his dear Cordelia leave no mark of anguish on the placid brow of their author? The creation of Lady Macbeth—the conception of that dark hour when all the pulses of her guilty conscience beat so loudly that she heard noises when all around was still—did this terrible yet most human horror leave no trace of dread on that tranquil face? The fearful passions of Othello and Iago, the agonizing questionings of Hamlet, the piercing sorrows of Romeo,—did all these issue from the portals of that noble palace of thought without ruffling its outward aspect? If so, it is indeed a thing to marvel at, and a test of the powers of genius which any can apply who have experienced any of the emotions so wonderfully portrayed by the great dramatist, or have known the effects which such feelings produce upon the human countenance. I feel it difficult to divest myself of the idea that, could any inferior mind have arrived at the conception of even one of the more passionate heroes of Shakespeare's tragedies, the strife within would have been like the rending of oaks or the blasting of mountainous rocks; or that, as in the case of Frankenstein and his monster, the creator would have grown terrified at his own creation.

J. Fletcher Williams

ELYSIUM.

THERE is a world in which I love to wander,
A far divine Elysium, grandly fair;
I saunter through its sunny ways and ponder
The mystery of glowing beauty there.

I search the secret of the sun-swept spaces,
Deep wells of fourfold harmony, that fill
Rivers aerial, flowing to the places
Where birds are born, and zephyrs sing at will.

I muse, where over-arching trees, are flinging
Odorous challenge to a sea of bloom:
And argosies of butterflies, are winging
Along the sunlight of perpetual noon.

And far beneath me dins the dull prosaic;
The loud lip laughter, and the weary wail,
While I am wading thro' the cool mosaic
Of flowers and grasses wrestling in the vale.

I feast my eyes on faces that have faded
From the dull gaze of the unthinking throng;
And feel the friendly clasp of hands, that aided
The infant world, ere time had made it strong.

The air around is whisperous with meaning,
And palpable with souls, that thrill me through.
My senses drift, half waking, and half dreaming,
Far inward from the region of the new.

There, the creator of a world of wonder,
Regnant above the royal sphered supreme,
Jove of Elysium, wielder of its thunder,
The bard of Avon, rules with sway serene.

Round him, like little children, throng the sages,
Of lands and centuries, remote and far;
They, the divinest teachers of the ages,
Like nebulae that circle round a star.

The greatest, the most reverent; kings uncrowning
Their stately heads, before him; while his words
Swell like the pealing of an organ, drowning
The rush of winds, and melody of birds.

And children nestle in his skirts, and love him,
The wondrous singer of the Mother Isle,
Who left no mortal name to shine above him,
And taught the solemn lips of Time to smile.

In that fair land, none asks the name of other;
Each is a child of genius' lofty line:
There to be present is to be a brother,
Great, in each other's greatness, through all time.

Waldo Messaros

NOTES ON "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."

ABOUT one hundred and fifty years ago there was published in London a literary periodical called *Mist's Weekly Journal*; and to it Lewis Theobald, an industrious, loving, but unappreciated student of Shakespeare, contributed his annotations. Pope's splendid edition in six quarto volumes had just appeared, in which the modern poet had remodeled the heroic verse of the Great Dramatist, trimming it up to suit the taste of the day, and making it flow as smoothly and harmoniously as his own *Essay on Criticism*. Theobald worked on different principles, Collation and Analogy. He was naturally conservative. It was his ambition to explain rather than to improve his author, and by patient and diligent comparing of the folios and quartos to recover what the poet actually wrote. In an age when the amenities of literary controversy were unknown, this course was set down as the mere grubbing among waste rubbish of a plodding antiquary. It particularly stirred up Pope's animosity, who sneered at him as "poor, piddling Tibbald," and pilloried him in the *Dunciad*:

"Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave;
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week."

How delighted "poor Tibbald" would be were he permitted to see how all this is reversed in our day. Now no one opens a volume of Pope's edition, except as a matter of curiosity; while Theobald is recognized as a sound critic, and a judicious if not brilliant commentator. I have mentioned these two editors as examples of what to shun, and what to imitate, by those who write textual notes for SHAKESPEARIANA. I would not be understood as being opposed to all conjectural emendation. Every one that has examined the old copies, as we have received them, knows that it is often absolutely necessary. Although the only safe rule is, whenever the old text affords a reasonable and connected meaning, to let it alone; yet there are hundreds of places where it is so corrupt, through typographical blunders of every description, that we are fain to correct it, as we best may; and in some cases a happy hit, in others a felicitous acumen, has led to valuable elucidations with the smallest amount of change in the literary text. Theobald has left some of these that will be as immortal as the poet's writings themselves. A well-known instance is in the Nurse's account of the death of Fal-

staff, in which "and 'a babbled of green fields," as Theobald corrected it, is jumbled into "and a table of greene fields" in the Folio. Every proof-reader knows, too, that there is a mischievous class of misprints which substitutes an apparent sense wholly different from the intended meaning. Even in the second folio, the editor (who most probably was John Milton), in correcting the errors of the first folio, made some of these very mistakes; and they were received as the true readings for a time, and would have been so still, had we not been able to set them right by the old quartos. Shakespeare's text not only abounds with such, but they go on in certain cases, undergoing successive transformations in new editions, until the blunder of a later edition is made the basis of an imaginary restoration, very plausible at times, yet altogether different from what we have the means of showing Shakespeare actually did write. The temptation to the critic, enamored of his work, to fancy every ingenious literal transformation not only an improvement, but an actual discovery and restoration of the text, is very seductive, and must be carefully guarded against.

The editors of the *Cambridge Shakespeare* remark in their preface: "The more experience an editor has, the more cautious he will be in the introduction of conjectural emendations: not, assuredly, because his confidence in the earliest text increases, but because he gains a greater insight into the manifold and far-removed sources of error. The insertions, marginal and interlinear, and doubtless occasional errors, of the author's own manuscript, the mistakes, deliberate alterations and attempted corrections of successive transcribers and of the earliest printer, result at last in corruptions which no conjecture can with certainty emend." But, as has also been remarked, it is one thing to thrust the fancies and guesses of the commentator into the text; another and wholly different course is to offer such suggestions—when the results of careful and reverent study—apart from the text, as hints for the consideration of our fellow-students. It was in this fashion that Theobald communicated his early notes to *Mist's Journal*; and in our day many a useful hint has been contributed to the columns of *Notes and Queries*, *The Academy*, *Athenæum* and other literary periodicals.

According to promise, I herewith append

two or three more notes on the same noble play, *Antony and Cleopatra*.

In Act I, Sc. iv, l. 24, according to the folio 1623, we read:

"Yet must Anthony
No way excuse his foyles, when we do beare
So great waight in his lightnesse."

Malone changed "foyles" to *soils*, and since his day this has been the text of every edition. But, with all deference, I believe the old word to have been what the poet actually wrote. Look at the context. Cæsar is recounting at length to Lepidus the faults and weaknesses of their co-Triumvir Antony, ending with,

"You shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow."

Lepidus, in his character of peacemaker, rebuts these charges, and excuses Antony to the best of his ability. He says:

"I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased," etc.,

that is, as the blackness of the night is but the foil or background to set off the spots of heaven—the darker the night the more brilliant the stars appear; so are Antony's evils the foils that make the goodness of his character appear to greater advantage. To this Cæsar replies, "You are too indulgent:" Antony's failings might be overlooked were he alone in the government of the State; for his personal dissipation he would suffer personally, in "full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones;" but these *foils* of his, as you call them, are inexcusable when we have to bear a share in the blame:

"Yet must Anthony
No way excuse his foils, when we do beare
So great weight in his lightness."

Every one will remember Prince Henry's soliloquy (1 *Henry IV*, I, ii, 232), so analogous to this in sentiment, and containing the very word in question:

"So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off."

Hamlet, also, uses exactly the same metaphor and the same word (*Hamlet*, V, ii, 266)—

"I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed."

At the end of Cæsar's speech, after reiterating the faults of Antony, he says:—

"'Tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment."

Here, by connecting "who" with "boys," the sentence is nonsense, as boys are *not* "mature in knowledge." So Hammer, Keightley, and others changed "mature" to "immature." P. A. Daniel suggested "*he's* to be chid," making "*he*," i. e., Antony, the antecedent to "who," and changing the rest of the sentence to correspond; while Mr. Hudson, in his "Harvard edition," reads "*they're* to be chid," with the same construction. But by placing "as we rate boys" between dashes, or in a parenthesis, there is no need of change: "'tis to be chid" = 'tis a fault to be chid in such persons or men; *men* being suggested as the antithesis to "boys" in the parenthetic clause: 'tis a fault to be chid in such *men* (even as we should rate *boys*), who being mature in knowledge, etc.

In line forty-one of this same scene, we read:

"It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd."

Does the first line of this passage mean no more than that—It is an old maxim, something we have always known? I have often thought there is a reference here to the name of Cain, "I have gotten a man from the Lord;" see *Gen.* iv, 1. Cain was wished for by his mother, until he were; but assuredly he brought her no comfort after he was. And this is somewhat corroborated by the use of the word "primal" in *Hamlet*, III, iii, also with reference to Cain:

"It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder."

In the Folio we read "Comes *fear'd* by being lack'd," *dear'd* being a substitution by Warburton which has been universally adopted, except by Collier, who found "lov'd" in his "Corr. Fo. 1632." Several years ago Dr. Ingleby suggested to me that possibly

"fear'd" was the right word after all; and the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that it is correct. It should be printed '*feer'd*', abbreviated from *affeer'd*, i. e., estimated at its true worth, appraised, *valued*. It is not so much that the lack'd man becomes *dear'd* or *lov'd*, as that he is valued at his real worth, properly appreciated. "*Affeer'd*" is a term used elsewhere by Shakespeare. It probably has its root in *fee*; and there was at Stratford-on-Avon an office of "*Affeeror*," or appraiser of fines, etc., which was held for some years by the Poet's father. In the Friar's speech in *Much Ado*, IV, i, 219, is a passage the exact counterpart of the present, and I think strongly corroborative of the reading "*feer'd*:"

"for it so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value."

"Comes '*feer'd*' by being lack'd" is here paraphrased by "being lack'd and lost, why, then we *rack* the value."

In *Cymbeline* II, iv, 3, is a passage where the same word occurs:

"*Phil.*—What means do you make to him [the King]?
Post.—Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor."

Tyrwhitt suggested "*sear'd* hopes" for "fear'd hopes," and Knight and others have adopted this reading. But it is more likely that it is the same word as above, and should be written "'feer'd hopes," meaning these hopes, or grounds of hope, that I have given, taken for *what they are worth*. *Posthumus* does not believe that his hopes are altogether *sear'd* or blasted; for he still has hopes that warmer days will come; he sets them before his friend such as they are, begs him to accept them for what they are worth.

In *Ant. and Cleo.*, II, ii, 56, we have a passage that has caused a great deal of trouble

and contention among the editors. Folio 1623 reads:

"If you'll patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this."

Rowe first inserted the negative, reading—

"As matter whole you have *not* to make it with;"

and has been followed by almost every editor from his time to the present; even the Cambridge editors insert "*not*." Hudson, in his Harvard edition, following the suggestion of an anonymous emendator, reads—

"As matter whole you *lack* to make it with."

Mr. R. Grant White in his first edition read according to the Folio; but in his new edition he inserts the "*not*;" probably for the reason that his "*washerwoman*"* did not understand the line as it originally stood.

I hope it may not be thought presumptuous in me to say that the old text, without "*not*," never gave me any trouble. Let us examine the situation a little. *Cæsar* and *Antony* are at loggerheads, and they have met to make up their difference, if it be possible. The whole scene is one of the most characteristic in the play, and somewhat reminds the reader of that between *Brutus* and *Cassius*, in *Julius Cæsar*. Neither is willing to begin the conversation, but each keeps on talking to his friend apart. Neither will be seated at the request of the other, lest the action partake somewhat of an apology. At last they get at it; and *Cæsar* brings in his main grievance, that *Antony's* wife and brother had made wars upon him, and that *Antony* was at the bottom of it. *Antony* replies:

"You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act; I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this."

Now when we *patch* anything, it is not a sound part that we patch, but a hole, a rent,

* "In determining what passages were sufficiently obscure to justify explanation, the editor, following eminent example, took advice of his washerwoman, and also of the correctors of the press in the office in which the edition was printed, to whose intelligent suggestions and thoughtful care he owes much, which it gives him pleasure to acknowledge. He, therefore, ventures to say to any reader who may not be able to understand a passage which is left without remark, that the fault may possibly be that of some other person than the poet or the editor." *Preface to R. Grant White's Shakespeare, 1883, Vol. I, p. xii.* Mr. White, from his exalted position as "*Shakespeare's Scholar*," may afford to make such a supercilious remark as this; but to say the least it is in bad taste, and a poor compliment both to the proof-readers of the "*Riverside Press*," and to his numerous class of readers in general.

It has been suggested that this new edition be called "*The Washerwoman's Edition*." I think this would be unmannerly, and ungrateful, when we call to mind the invaluable service Mr. White has done for Shakespeare in America. Still, Mr. White would have no one but himself to blame for the nickname.

or tear. Consequently Antony cannot mean, If you wish to *make* a quarrel between us, but, If you wish to *mend* or heal the quarrel or division between us. The next line has caused all the trouble, by commentators not seeing that—

"As matter whole you have to make it with,"

is only a very common inversion for—

"As matter you have to make it whole with."

And what was the "matter" which Antony said that Cæsar possessed to heal their breach with? Why, the "letters" which he had sent him, and which, he says, had satisfied him that he (Antony) was not to blame; together with his present assertion to the same effect. If you wish to make up this quarrel between us, seeing that you have in your own hands the means and the matter to make it whole and sound with, "It must not be with this," *i. e.*, you must not begin by ripping up these old grievances; for respecting these, I have before satisfied you by my letters, and do now by my asseveration, that I was in no measure privy to, or concurred in, what was done by my wife and brother. What Cæsar says, in reply, harmonizes with this construction:

"You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses;"

ZANESVILLE, O., Nov. 10, 1883.

i. e., you flatter yourself by throwing upon me the whole blame of this quarrel, and shuffling off your shoulders what was done by your wife and brother; but your excuses were not as satisfactory as you represent; they were but "patch'd up" at best. Now notice Antony's reply, in which he strongly reiterates that he was free from any censure in the matter, and that *Cæsar knew it to be so*; in a word, that Cæsar had in his own power and possession the "matter" to make the quarrel between them "whole" with:

Ant. "Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace."

It is hardly necessary to say any more, except to analyze the passage, if printed with the "not" interpolated. Antony would then tell Cæsar that he (Cæsar) had not any matter in his power that could ever repair the breach, or make whole again the confidence which subsisted between them; and that, therefore, Cæsar might act as he pleased, they must remain at enmity.

Joseph Boshy.

THE METHOD OF SHAKESPEARIAN STUDY.

IN the study of an author rich enough to repay one, there may be said to be a twofold object—instruction and inspiration. As to the first of these, it is the special business of the student to acquire, to gather in from the pages of his author, every possible kind of information. It is just here that the intellectual area over which Shakespeare ranges is seen in its vastness. The most cursory student is struck, at the outset, with this breadth and sweep of vision which the “myriad-minded,” many-sided poet takes. The acquisitive faculty is kept constantly at its highest tension and its power ever increased by such a discipline. The open question of Shakespeare’s attainments as a scholar rises here into prominence. However he gained the knowledge, the knowledge is at hand at every turn and in such variety of form and fullness of measure as to indicate an amount of intellectual treasure in reserve greater than that which the page exhibits. Facts medical, legal, naval, military, commercial, and even ethical are so stated and used as to point to a kind of special acquaintance in every separate sphere. Descriptions of countries and customs are given as if by an eye-witness, and a wealth of classical diction used scarcely explicable save on the theory of large scholarship in ancient lore. Every page thus teems with knowledge, and the first duty of the student is to learn.

There is another object in such study. It is inspiration, based on facts and truths as externally visible and yet essentially different from them, by which the mind becomes impressed as well as informed, stimulated as well as furnished. It is now not only what the inquirer finds but what he feels, and the result of study is an ever-growing consciousness of mental broadening and uplifting. In this aim poetry reaches its highest function, and the “fine frenzy” is shared alike by author and reader.

To the first of these aims the older critics and commentators largely confined themselves. They called it the interpretation of Shakespeare. As far as they went they were right, and laid a substantial basis for what was to follow. Modern criticism is becoming more comprehensive and sympathetic. Though not underrating the labors of the older schools, Shakespeare is now studied more for what he can do in the way of quickening our intellectual and moral impulses, than for what he can actually give us in the way of dramatic

teaching. There are two ways of applying the principle of method to the author of dramatic writing,—the special and the general. If, following the specific, we study the source of a play, historical or traditional; frame a logical outline of its structure and plot; enter upon a discussion of the various characters represented, and dwell upon the special features of the play from a poetic or literary point of view;—we do, in fine, what has been so admirably done by Professor Craik in his edition of Julius Cæsar, and by Rolfe in his excellent Shakespearian series. Our reference, at present, is to general criticism and to a general method applicable alike to tragedy, comedy, and historical play as dramatic in form and purpose.

In the special inquiry as to what the method of study should be, we find it to coincide with the twofold object of such study as already briefly presented.

I. CRITICAL OR INSTRUCTIVE.

This is the first and prevalent method; one which must always hold a prominent place in any well-organized school of dramatic study. If we ask what it includes, the field that opens up to us is simply unlimited. A few of its leading topics may be stated. First of all, there is the study of Shakespearian grammar, phraseology, and idiom, as given us in Abbott’s exhaustive treatise; the subject of versification, as presented by Walker; that of pronunciation, as given by Ellis; a full historical survey of the various editions from the Folio of 1623 to Furness’, and the puzzling question of chronology and classification of the plays, as argued by Fleay, and by Swinburne in his recent treatise. Still further, the author’s ancestry and life, as lately viewed by Halliwell-Phillipps, is to be studied; the open question of religious creed and character, so well discussed by Rees and Gilman; the genuineness of the plays, as argued by Holmes and Bacon; the author’s dramatic predecessors, as treated by Tegg and under present investigation by Symonds; his contemporaries and co-workers in Elizabethan times—not to speak of such questions as the orthography of his name and the busts and portraits of his person. In fine, there is no limit of detail into which this formal or textual method may not enter. We have here the explanation of the fact that in Allibone’s *Dictionary of Authors* more than one thousand titles are given

under Shakespeariana; that libraries are made up exclusively of such material, and lecture-ships established in Europe and at home to study this master bard. The purely verbal student of Shakespeare, the commentator or editor, may well stand aghast in the presence of that microscopic work rightly devolving upon him as a critic of the letter and the line. As already intimated, this is a method necessarily first and always indispensable, but has its own function and well-defined limits. To regard it as the only true method is a serious error and shuts the door of entrance into some of the largest benefits derivable from careful study. Technical criticism has done its best with Shakespeare and has done a noble work, but they have been the wisest critics who have caught a glimpse of something still more inviting beyond. Men of such might and foresight may even go further and hold with Dr. Abbott—"that it is possible to study Shakespeare with great advantage, and yet without any reference to textual criticism." Up to a comparatively recent date in Shakespearian criticism there was danger lest the juice and sap of the author's thought might be wholly removed by the merciless knife of the literary censor. Textual criticism in certain parts of Europe was overreaching itself in shadowy distinctions and corrections. So strong was the tendency, that of any number of Shakespearian investigators, three-fourths at least might safely be expected not to venture a hair's breadth beyond the verbal area. Hence, we submit that together with this method, and on the basis of it, there should be found in every ingenuous student the presence of a wider and more appreciative method, one, we may add, especially adapted to Shakespearian study as conducted in our colleges. To begin and end with the technique of diction, structure, and dramatic plan will not suffice for ambitious young men. They call for a higher modus, and we note a second order of study.

II. THE SUGGESTIVE OR INSPIRING.

If we ask what it includes, we answer in general—the study of the spirit as well as the letter of the writing; the study of Shakespeare himself, the man behind the text; the interpretation of the inner form as well as the outer; so that from this subjective point of view the textual itself becomes more instinct with meaning, and we see the purity of thought and language, of poet and poem.

On such a method as this more is suggested than the student has time or wish fully to unfold. He purposely leaves much to be supplied by the poetic and philosophic imagina-

tion of the reader. It is in place here to look for a moment at the richness of this field of study. As the special topics it contains rise to view we shall be struck with their depth and comprehensiveness. They are somewhat as follows: the dramatic genius of Shakespeare; his knowledge of truth, of man and of men; his "infinite variety," which "age cannot wither, nor custom stale;" his intense individuality, combined with the faculty of concealing it in his characters; his high imaginative power, constructive and representative; his unequalled use of language as expressive of the thought behind it, and the masterly manner in which his plays evince, as shown by Dowden and Ruggles, the harmony of dramatic theory and dramatic art. In addition to such themes, others of interest arise—dramatic criticism as philosophically conducted by Schlegel; dramatic plan as discussed by Snider; the relation of dramatic expression to other forms of literary expression and the relation of the drama of the time to the philosophy and the ethics of the time. Guizot, Hazlitt, and Taine have opened up a wide field of inquiry as to the mutual influence of the great poet and his age, to which we might add the study of his dramatic forerunners and allies, as interpreting his own power.

In a word, the method here applied is philosophic and psychologic. It deals with causes and principles first, and with results secondarily. It grasps salient processes and characteristics rather than those which are minute and incidental, and while true to an exact scholarship, is also mindful of that which exalts and stimulates the mind. While it is well to know that of his plays six or seven have been questioned as to their genuineness, it is also well to know from the plays that are unquestioned that he has no rival in dramatic art, and that he is a greater man in the inherent force of his genius than he is a dramatist in his writings.

Such are the methods open to the choice of the Shakespearian student—the critical and the comprehensive. The one may be said to be the more ancient; the other, the more recent. The one is more prominent in Continental Europe; the other in England and America, while the signs of the times are pointing to the increasing prevalence of the latter.

Granting the absolute necessity of each to any right interpretation of Shakespeare, it is our aim to press the great importance of their combination in the student, so that the critical shall give scholarly basis, and the comprehensive in turn give mental breadth and freedom of view. Each is needed, and they are needed in unison—the study of the "mind and the art" together. If either tends to assert

supremacy, the student should see to it that the latter yield not to the former. Of the results of the technical study of the poet our shelves are full. We have still to wait for a thoroughly satisfactory discussion of his plays with the better method as controlling. In Mr. White's philosophic discussion of the Genius of Shakespeare as given us in the preface of his edition of the dramas, we have refreshing glimpses of what might be done by means of this—"higher criticism."

PRINCETON, N. J.

Perchance it is appointed us to wait for the "fullness of time," till a second Shakespeare arise whose mission shall be to interpret to us the first.

English scholars have yet to learn that in literary criticism, as in the creation of literary product, genius is essential. The method of our study of Shakespeare must be informing and inspiring, with the latter element as supreme.

T. W. Higginson

SHAKSPEARE.

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.
 We ask and ask. Thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
 Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foil'd searching of mortality;
 And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
 Didst tread on earth unguess'd at. Better so!
 All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Contributors' Table.

THE SOURCE OF KING LEAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF SHAKESPEARIANA: I have just read with interest the November number of your magazine. Will you permit me to say a word suggested by the opening paragraph in the interesting paper on "Lear's Arrangement with his Daughters"?

Your correspondent says that in the play of Lear Shakespeare "most likely followed Holinshed, who took it from Greek and Latin sources," and that "behind all these there will probably be found a Celtic kernel to the story."

It seems to me that to limit Shakespeare's material for the plot of Lear to Holinshed, or to infer that he followed that old chronicler more than any other sources for the story of Lear, is to deprive the great dramatist of some of the best suggestions for the play which the literature of his time furnished him.

First and nearest him, he had the old play of "King Leir," which had been published in 1605, only very shortly before the first authentic mention of the production of Shakespeare's Lear. There is every evidence in comparing the two plays that Shakespeare knew the old play well. For the "Celtic kernel" probably both Shakespeare and the unknown writer of Leir had Geoffrey of Monmouth's account of Lear and his daughters given in the History of Britain, which Geoffrey asserts he had translated directly from the old British. Layamon's "Brut" had told the story of Lear with great force in the thirteenth century; Cordelia's unhappy fate, as told by the old chronicler, had made one of the most affecting episodes in the "Mirror of Magistrates" published in Shakespeare's own century; and Spenser had told the story of Lear in the second book of the "Faery Queen." In all probability Shakespeare knew all these versions of the story except perhaps the one given in the "Brut." But in all these previous works—chronicle, poems, or play—the writers had followed the old history, given a happy ending to Lear's life, and making the tragedy of Cordelia's death come long after. She had restored her father to his throne by the victory of her armies over her unnatural sisters. Spenser thus tells the story.

After Cordelia has conquered her sisters—

"Then to his (Lear's) crown she him restored again
In which he died, made ripe for death by eld,
And after while it should to her remain
Who peaceably the same long time did weild.
And all men's hearts in true obedience held;
Till that her sister's children, waxen strong,
Thro' proud ambition against her rebelled
And overcomen, kept in prison long
Till, weary of that wretched life, herself she hong."

It was Shakespeare who first saw, with the eye of the great dramatic artist, the necessity of a tragic denouement to the play, and gathering up in his hand all the materials for the plot, gave as the close of the tragedy the murder of Cordelia and Lear's heart-rending death over her corpse. It was Shakespeare also who intensified the story of filial treachery by adding to the original plot the episode of Gloucester and his sons, which he borrowed from Sidney's Arcadia.

Without the change which Shakespeare made, the moral of filial ingratitude would have lost its force. A play which ended with the entrance of the conquer-

ing armies of France, led by the dutiful Cordelia, and the tableau of Lear restored to his throne, would never have outlived the age which produced it.

Respectfully yours,

ABBY SAGE RICHARDSON,

COLORADO SPRINGS.

SUMMARY—THOUGHTS ON HAMLET.

We take Taine in his saying that Hamlet was Shakespeare. Then we give to Hamlet what Emerson said of Shakespeare: An omnipresent humanity coordinates all his faculties.

Shakespeare struggled with poverty among the wiles and tricks of men and things. Hamlet had no experience in such lines, and therefore his change was a sudden plunge into deep trials. He is thrown, at once, into an intensely new situation. The tide of his life is stopped short and turned directly about. The newness of things makes Hamlet the creature of occasions, literally. He has no experience of like former things to avail him. He is essentially what those about him, make him. He is simply a reciprocity of what is acted toward him. His moralizings are immediate inferences from the actions of his fellows. All his acts are first suggested by theirs. An occasion intimates and he is thoroughly wise in the co-ordination of his faculties. He is nowhere aggressive. He meets craft with craft and "delves one yard below their mines." He lacks the villainy element of human kind and his new environments do not develop it. He is bitter but not a whit villainous, or the king would have been taken off sooner and differently.

Hamlet says he has "the cause and will and strength and means" for his revenge, yet does not do the work. Why? Because all interests centre in him and he is thrown quite on the defensive. If the king should make an assault, Hamlet has nerve enough to meet him. The killing of Polonius illustrates the point. He thought, no doubt, that he was attacked. He acts when there is imminent danger and eludes when they are baiting him.

Hamlet is wiser than those that seek him. The king, because of his guilt, is the wisest of his party in watching Hamlet. Hamlet's madness, though feigned, must reach the maniacal before the king can deal summarily with him with the consent of the people. His madness never was maniacal although Polonius' death was made to appear so, and hence his hasty sending off to England.

One example will show the working of Hamlet's mind. Hamlet perceives, from the "confession in their looks," that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are playing a part. Then they mention players as coming to town. This suggests having something played like the murder of his father, before his uncle. The purpose is to prove his uncle's guilt. The means being opportune and the method quite sure, he is then led to think that "the spirit I have seen may be the devil." He never thought of doubting till he had tangible means of proof.

After this manner Hamlet's whole career can be explained. He is, in a word, a rather universal mind newborn in his peculiar environment.

JOHN P. FRUIT.

RUSSELLVILLE, KY.

WHO WAS HOLOFERNES?

"SPEAKING of Shakespeare, who was Holofernes?" said Quære to the writer one day.

"He was the pedant—the schoolmaster in—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Quære, "I know that he is a character—one of the *dramatis personæ* in Love's Labor Lost. But the question remains, who was he? Now this is no crux—no rebus—no obscure passage in the great world poet, so do not go down too deep in your inner man. Especially as the answer lies right upon the surface. In a word, who was the model—the lay model—that unconsciously posed for Holofernes?"

"Who knows—perhaps the pedant of the grammar school at Stratford?"

"You must aim higher than that to hit the centre. Let me quote him—I mean Holofernes, and perhaps his words will recall to your mind one of the most striking figures at the courts of Elizabeth and James. Here, for example—

"This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish, extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motives, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good, in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it."

"You don't recognize the 'words, words, words'?" Well, listen. Of course, all rights reserved and translations forbidden, I intend when I have time to flatten it out, pad it, and deliver it in lectures, or publish it in a volume and call it the 'New Discovery.' Perpend. You are aware that Shakespeare and Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, were the double suns of the Augustan or Elizabethan age of English literature and thought. So far as the books know, they never met, they never spoke to, or saw each other. Commentators, editors, critics, all agree that each is oblivious of the other, and that between them there lies a huge, impenetrable shadow of silence. Now, I know better—yes, sir; and I can prove it. Shakespeare saw, heard, noted, observed, and twigged Bacon the Courtier 'many a time and oft.' He shot an arrow of light through and through the honor and court-favor-seeking Chancellor; he limned him, sketched him with his unerring touch, and the pedantic, high-minded, wordy schoolmaster Holofernes is the figure in black and white! You shake your head. Hold on, let me finish my drawing. I do not know whether 'you have eaten books and drank ink,' but I will take it for granted that you have read the letters, the speeches, the explanatory and the analytical writings and memoranda of Lord Bacon—that is to say, of Bacon the court official, the law officer, the bowing and cringing courtier. Does not the resemblance leap into your eyes, between the fulsome, flattering Holofernes, and the fulsome, flattering Bacon? Eh, what? The words of one are but an echo of the phrases of the other. Note the unctuous sentences of Holofernes—the ideas 'begot in the ventricle of memory,' which are poured out 'on every mellow occasion,' with the accompanying tags of 'Priscian a little scratched'—'three piled hyperboles'—'spruce affectation,' and a score of similar affectations. They are almost identical with the quaint phrases which the Lord Chancellor gravely writes when flattering Queen Elizabeth, and deifying her sacred person, her appetites, her opinions, her god-like walk, her neck, her breasts, and even her hair."

"Nevertheless, my dear Quære, you must not forget that one was a poor, and (socially speaking) despised actor, and the other the keeper of the King's conscience. Do you think Bacon ever condescended to go to the theatre? When not studying the secrets of Queens and

Kings he was hammering at the doors of nature for solutions to problems for his new method of scientific investigation. He went from the court of law to the court of the King, and from there to the laboratory. He was always in search of facts. He had neither phantasy nor imagination. No, they never met, it is too unlikely."

"Not a whit, not a jot," continued Quære, enthusiastically. "For instance, Shakespeare was one of the players that played before Elizabeth on a temporary, trumpery stage, at one of the many festivals. Sir Francis Bacon was a courtier of the noble bread-and-butter brigade, to whom it was 'meat and drink' to be in the *sun, id est*, in the sunshine of the royal court. Methinks I see him, with his long, grave face, bowing and smiling with his eyebrows at her gracious majesty; and when the long-looked-for opportunity came distinguishing himself by the wordy splendor of his speech, and the pedantic turn of the phrase. And in the background, partly hid by the stage curtain, stands Shakespeare, all-hearing, all-seeing, noting the dresses of the luxurious lords and ladies, catching the whispered phrases, and marking how the presence of some handsome youth fired the eyes of the virgin Queen; and especially observing the courtier Bacon, who, with his fluent speech out-flattered them all! He saw him, sketched him, and gave even his defect immortality by giving it 'local habitation' and calling it Holofernes."

"It is quite ingenious, friend Quære, but it is also very far fetched, this theory of yours. Do you know any commentator of Shakespeare?"

"No," said Quære, peevishly, "what are commentators to me or I to commentators? All I know is this. When I read Love's Labour's Lost and come to Holofernes, I think of Francis Bacon, and when I read the prefaces, the epistolary dedications, and the letters of Bacon, I think of Holofernes. Mark, as another instance, the inexhaustible tribute of words which he pours out to the memory of Queen Elizabeth. That she was childless made her resemble Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar! Even death dared not to trouble or touch her rudely in the final dissolution, but gently put her to sleep like he did the great Emperor Antoninus Pius. Her body was so dry with the cares of government that she had a stroke of paralysis; but it neither affected her mind nor her body. In fact, it is schoolmaster Holofernes, flattering Ferdinand, King of Navarre, in the play; the old dominie whose 'reasons' at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.' That very sentence is Baconian, and might have been dug out of some letter or address to the King. You still shake your head. This is a thing which cannot be taken on the wing like snipe, but like looking for a star or meteor, you must look, search, and wait. And when it crosses the disk of your observation, grapple with it and bring it down."

HENRY HOOPER.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Editor of SHAKESPEARIANA:

DEAR SIR:—Permit me to express the warmest wishes for the success of your magazine. No English student is ignorant of the widespread, intelligent, and therefore methodical, study of Shakespeare in your great country. Mrs. Horace Howard Furness's invaluable Concordance is falling to pieces in my hands from daily use. Grant White's scholarly edition is well known in England, and will be more so. Since we lost

Dyce and Collier (peace be with his errors, his good work will live), English Shakespearian criticism has become too much the property of the grammarian and the pedagogue. In the last century, no doubt, Johnson was both, but he had poetry and genius in his soul, and not seldom it was these which guided his utterances; nowadays, such qualities are not permitted to interfere with the all-absorbing study of the letter. Perhaps this system is carried too far, when, in the official educational guide-book to Shakespeare, maturer youth is instructed not to "wish to make sense of Touchstone's nonsense, the clown only uses fine phrases without understanding them." But allowances must be made; the feud between Holofernes and Costard is of old standing. We know whose side Shakespeare took. As all students of Shakespeare meet on common ground, and to them there is no intervening Atlantic, I naturally turn my eyes from what does not please them at home to the American side of the class, to seek there for free thought, for nobler views, for an appreciating recognition of the spirit of Shakespeare, and no less do I look for unwearied and intelligent investigation of the text of his works. I am, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

B. G. KINNEAR.

LONDON.

DID SHAKESPEARE READ CLEM. ROBINSON'S *Handfull of Pleasant Delites*, 1534? Passing over the supposed allusions to the "nosegay" of Ophelia, which are more than dubious, I find the following points worth recording:

1. Dame Beauty's reply to "where is the life that late I led?" reminds us that Pistol quotes the same ballad, 2 Henry IV, v, 3, and so Petruchio, Shrew, iv, 1.
2. The new tune of "Green Sleeves" is referred to twice in the Merry Wives, ii, i and v, 5.
3. The new "Sonnet of Pyramus and Thisbe" is

more likely to be the original of the Mid. N. D. interlude than any sonnet yet pointed out. In it they meet

"By Ninus' well
Where they might lovingly embrace
In love's delight,
That he might see his Thisbe's face,
And she his sight."

The lion frightens her and tears her mantle.

"Till that the time
That Pyramus proceeded there
And see how lion tare
The mantle this of Thisbe his
He desperately doth fare,"

and then he slew Cestala, the beast, with his bright blade and made moan, and said alas and "this my breath by fatal death shall weave Atropos' thread," and so his life "vades" and Thisbe comes from cabin "to discusse," and the bloody knife ends her, and ladies are requested to peruse how these lovers did "agree to die in 'stress" and the muses to wail that the lovers twain "with such pain did die so well content." The want of punctuation and grammar, the delicious nonsense of many expressions, the metre, the whole tone of this production of the sound vs. sense school was splendidly ridiculed by Shakespeare. The author must have winced immensely.

4. The tune of "Colin o' Custure Me" is quoted by Pistol, Henry V, iv, 4.

5. The title of an early play may have come from:

Ye loving worms come learn of me
The plagues to leave [love] that linked be
Buy not with cost
The thing that yields but labour lost.
6. "Sisters three did full agree
My fatal thread to spare,"

cf. Mid. N. D. v, i, 343, and Mer. of Ven. II, ii, 65.

These instances, I think, settle the answer in the affirmative. Shakespeare did use this little book.

F. G. FLEAY.

LONDON.

Notes and Queries.

[Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays, should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should, in all cases, follow the Globe edition.]

(3.) ALL'S WELL I, i, 68-70.

Ber. The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Since Rowe, the above has been given as spoken "[*To Helena*]" but this may be demurred to on two very strong grounds.

(1.) At an ordinary audience given to leave-takers—messengers from her Sovereign—the Countess, widow of a high feudal lord—so high that Bertram, despite his youth is given the generalship of the whole Florentine Horse, though Lords G. and E., who had arrived before him, were only given infantry captaincies—the Countess, I say, would sit in her chair of state, hear the ceremoniously courteous speeches and farewells, as courteously reply to them, and possibly rise to bid them finally, Farewell. But on this occasion she, the hostess, leaves the leave-takers, and that somewhat abruptly. Intending to reply to Lafew, her words refer only to her son, "Heaven bless him," and, turning to that son, she says as briefly, "Farewell, Bertram." Whence

this solecism in leave-taking, unusual in one of her rank, whence this abbreviate two-word farewell to her never-before-parted-with, beloved and only son? Examining these things, and the previous part of the scene, it is evident that her words are in inverse proportion to her thoughts, and that this parting—a second bereavement—has overcome her. Bertram, on bended knee, had desired her "holy wishes." She gave them, and was adding some rules of conduct, when, unable to continue them, she, evidently emotionally and in direct contrast to her forcedly deliberate: " * * But never taxed with speech," ends by returning to her wishes, comprehending them all in the hurried—

"What heaven more will
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down
Fall on thy head,"

I have said "she ends," but it is not finally. After the brief "Farewell, my Lord," to Lafew, she again has a wish and request, "Good my lord, advise him,"

and then, after her "Heaven bless him," and her as emotional and hurried, "Farewell, Bertram," she bears her sorrows to her inner chamber.

No son, even now, when it is thought more proper that he who writes himself man should not give way to over-filial demonstrations, no son could part from a mother, and such a mother, now left alone in the world, without a word. Be it noted, too, that in days when filial reverence, not merely in feeling but in outward show, was carried to what we are too apt to deem excess, he has as yet never in any way returned her farewell. Such indifference, nay, contempt, would have been most unnatural, indeed impossible, except to those of the Gloster Edmund type.

(2.) But there is a further argument. Bertram now and afterward looks on Helena as his lady-mother's attendant, the Countess being of such rank as to have what we now term "ladies of the middle class" in waiting on her. Note his "your mistress" and Parolles, "little Helen." The father's old-world courtesy might have treated Helena as one, "In whose poor praise he humbled," but Bertram was, in reality, a lad who never had traveled beyond his own castle and domains, one as yet only proud of his high birth, and one to whom Helena is "of another sphere."

"Who had her breeding at his father's charge,
A poor physician's daughter!"

Surely, it is impossible that he, guided by his feelings toward his sorrowing mother, and by his down-look on Helena, could have not only been brutally unresponsive to the former, but have addressed the latter thus: "The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you." These "wishes" are to me clearly his reply to his mother's "wishes," while the words "servants to you" suggested his saying to Helena in waiting on her, "Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her."

BRINSLEY NICHOLSON.

• (4.) *All's Well*, II, iv, 32-5.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me?

Clo. The search, sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Thus the *Folio* prints these passages. All editors following Rowe run them into one speech. My conviction, however, is that a short sentence of two or three words that stood between them, has been omitted. Before, however, giving my reasons, I would premise that our play shows—first, that it was printed from a copy not Shakespeare's, and secondly, that the compositor was more than usually inexperienced or careless. Leaving the critical reader to consult on these things, the *Folio*, or its fac-similes, I would further call attention to the certain instance of an omission on the part of the copyist or compositor in I, i, 153, where Hamlet's addition

*** [You're for the Court.]

gives exactly what is wanting, and not improbably Shakespeare's very words.

In our present passage the Theodore Hook clown asks a question, wording it so that the answer may serve to introduce the repartee that silences Parolles. He does not say *by* or *of* yourself, but with malice prepense "*in* yourself." He has put this question, also well knowing that the vain-gloriousness of Parolles will answer it in the affirmative, though the alternative, "or were you taught to find me?" is added as a blind. According, however, to the Rowe text, he, without waiting for Parolles' answer, assumes that his first question has

been answered affirmatively, and makes the repartee which this query was planned to obtain, not taking into account that he had propounded an alternative query, which now stands out a startlingly unpleasant and utterly useless excrescence. He has prepared a sure trap, yet gives it up and elects to suppose that he has caught his victim, a supposition contrary, as any spectator sees, to the fact. This absurdity, too—one brought on, according to the text, by the clown's own maladroitness and haste—is one that could have been so readily avoided and made natural by a word from Parolles or Shakespeare that even I can without trouble put it in.

Again, Parolles is, as the clown has judged him, a great word-utterer, and so bombastic that it is against his nature not to answer in a manner intended to assure any one and every one that the finding was due to an intelligence that could discover matters much deeper and more obscure.

Lastly, can any one of ordinary intelligence read these two speeches as one without feeling that they do not run naturally, the one after the other, as sentences in conversation do, do not follow one another without seeming to require such an interval as unconnected sentences do require. For my own part, I cannot read them thus consecutively, or without feeling that there is an evident hiatus. Nor can any one, I think, read the first words of the second speech, "The search, sir, was profitable, etc.," without feeling that they are a reply to something that has been said.

Hence, though wedded to the principle that the original text should be adopted on every occasion in which sense can be—not extracted from it, but—found naturally in it, I would insert between these two speeches

[Par. In myself.]

and looking to his bombast, his scarfs, bannerets, and other what-nots, of the fellow, he probably at the same time tapped, or in a forcible manner struck with significance, his head or his chest.

BRINSLEY NICHOLSON.

(5.) *Hamlet's "Dram-Shop."*

Permit me a word or two on the much-belabored passage in *Hamlet*:

"the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandell."

Reading Professor Scott's elaborate note on "eale," I wanted to tell him that we seem to be justified almost by the poet himself in regarding it as an old or phonetic spelling of *evil*. This I pointed out several years ago, and I have been surprised how any one should miss it that is in the habit of looking over the old copies. In the 1604 quarto *Hamlet* we find the following reading:

"The spirit that I have seene
May be a *deale* and the *deale* hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape."

Here "deale" is palpably the spelling of *devil*, and so assuredly is "eale" the spelling of *evil*; and that point may be regarded as settled.

Respecting "of a doubt," we shall probably never be certain. Doubt will hang on the eyelids of the best conjecture. Like the skull of the poet, that it has been proposed to exhume, we can never be *sure* that *it is Shakespeare's*. Professor Scott advocates "oft corrupt," which was also suggested by Monck Mason in 1785. What we want, to suit exactly the sense, is the word *stain*, used as the poet uses it in *Ant. and Cleo.*, III, iv:

"I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall *stain* your brother."

The primary notion of *stain* is that of giving to something a color from without; hence, *dye*, *indue* (verb, in Shakespeare's peculiar sense), and, therefore, *subdue* (verb), *i. e.*, to a particular attribute or quality. Antony's preparation was designed to effect a total change in Caesar's purposes and plans, in fact, to *indue* and *subdue* him to the quality of Antony's mind. (See Dr. Ingleby's admirable note in his "Hermencutics," pages 95, 96.) And this sense harmonizes thoroughly with Hamlet's idea in the passage in question. But "often stain" could hardly have been corrupted into "of a doubt," and, therefore, we must give it up.

Grant White, in his new edition of Shakespeare (3 vols, 1883) gives an original, and certainly very forcible, conjectural reading:

"the dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance of *adulter*
To its own scandal,"

where *adulter*=*adulterate*. *Adulter* is not a Shakespearean word, but *adulterate* is; and *adulter* was used by Marston, in the *Scourge of Villanie*, as quoted by Mr. White:

"Shall cock-horse, fat-pauncht Milo staine whole stocks
Of well-born soules with his *adulter*ing spots?"

Sat. III.

This word, both in sense and sound, fits all round so closely, and moreover *tastes* so much like Shakespeare, that, for one, I am disposed to adopt it, at least until something better shall be proposed. I may add, that the quotation from Marston corroborates my suggestion of "staine," the sentiment in both places being almost precisely parallel.

JOSEPH CROSBY.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, November 12th, 1883.

(6.) "*The Dram of Eale*," etc.

Professor Scott, in his interesting paper on this famous *crux*, says that he has "not taken the trouble to examine all the instances in the original editions to find out whether it [*devil*] is ever printed as an obvious monosyllable." There is one significant instance in the second and third quartos of *Hamlet*, both of which have "*deale*" twice in ii, 2, 628, where the first folio prints, "May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power." I believe that Furnivall was the first to call attention to this *deale*, which strongly confirms Professor Scott's explanation of *eale*. If *deale*=*devil*, why should not *eale*=*evil*?

But is not the Professor somewhat astray in what he says of *oft* and *often*? namely, that we should read the former here, because "*often* is modern, was then new, and was much less common than *oft*, even in prose?" I am not prepared to say how it is with other writers of that day, but Shakespeare appears to use the two forms indiscriminately. Mrs. Clarke does not include them in her *Concordance*, but Schmidt gives about forty examples of each in his *Lexicon* as specimens of the poet's employment thereof; and in the *Poems* (as shown by Mrs. Furness' *Concordance*) *oft* occurs fifteen times, and *often* fourteen times, to which may be added one instance of *oftentimes*.

In the passage in question, *oft* is probably right, and *corrupt* is not a bad guess at the missing verb, though Professor March's *subdue* is perhaps to be preferred. But why should Dyce's *debase* be dismissed with the single remark that it "cannot be accepted?" I am not inclined to accept it, but it seems to me one of the most plausible of the proposed emendations—far better, for instance, than *abate*. Professor Scott, by the way,

does not seem to be aware that Hudson's latest reading (in the "Harvard" edition) is

"The dram of *leas'n*
Doth all the noble substance of *'em sour*
To his own scandal."

He cites as a parallel Bacon's *Henry VII.*: "As a little *leaven* of new distaste doth commonly *soure* the whole lump of former merites," etc., and if Bacon wrote *Hamlet*, is probable that Hudson has happily restored this corrupt passage to its original Baconian form.

W. J. ROLFE.

(7.) *Stray Notes on Macbeth* (References to Furness' *Variorum*).

V, i, 48. *What a sigh is there*. Note that the sigh is expressed by "oh, oh, oh!" and is more like what we call a groan.

IV, i, 42. "Like elves and fairies." How can any one suppose that Shakespeare wrote this Hecate speech, comparing the witch-hags to elves and fairies? Note Dyce's unfair note quoting the stage directions of the *Cutter of Coleman Street*, and omitting the fact that all the scenes in that play are headed in the French fashion, making a new scene and enumerating all the characters present on the entry of each one.

V, iv, 11. "Where there is advantage to be given," *i. e.*, capable of being given. Donabilis, not donandus.

I, i, and IV, i. It appears that the familiars are 1, cat (graymalkin); 2, toad (Paddock); 3, hedgepig; 4, Harprier. In *Hamlet* we find the cat, toad, and bat enumerated together. Query, Is Harprier the bat? A Harpie with long claws, bear's ears, human face, bird's body, must have been very bat-like, and bats in Shakespeare's time were reckoned among birds. Of course, all succubi must be sucking animals or reputed such.

There is a bat now called Harpy of the Moluccas, on account of its appearance.

III, i, 129, "The perfect spy o' th' time."

Surely, the exact means-of-espying your time for the attack.

I, ii, 47. "Seems to speak things strange," like a man in a dumb show, expressing a tragical catastrophe.

II, ii, 15. Arrange this passage thus:

Macbeth. Did not you speak?

Lady. When?

Macbeth. Now, as I descended.

Lady. Ay.

II, i, 55. In this much disputed passage read *ravishing* as a noun, thus:

"With his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing, sides towards his design,
Moves like a ghost."

With a design to ravish like that of Tarquin, he sidles (or moves stealthily) toward his design.

II, iii, 119. "Hid in an auger-hole," *i. e.*, not a pistol-bore, as Elwin tells us, nor an ogre's hole, as Delius once suggested, but a lurking place of witchcraft: Reginald Scot tells us how witches "go in and out at auger-holes," and his book was used by Shakespeare. In other plays the powers assigned to witches are: in the *Tempest*, Sycorax shuts Ariel in a tree; controls the moon; in *Cymbeline* (dirge), witch exorcises can charm the dead; in *Othello*, witches can brew love charms; in the *Comedy of Errors*, they can deceive the eye, change the mind, and deform the body; in the *Merry Wives*, they tell fortunes and wear beards. All these are, except Sycorax (who is a classical witch, inspired by Jonson's *Masque of Queens*), mere vulgar witches, not in any way the Fairy Norn goddesses of destiny.

The following lines are incomplete in metre, and incomplete in sense also (more or less); so as to give

us a suspicion that the play has been compressed by omissions at these points. I, iii, 103 (Globe), I, iv, 35; II, i, 16; II, i, 24; II, iii, 120; III, ii, 155; IV, iii, 15.

On the word *Scot*. *Scot* (as a substantive) occurs thirteen times in 1 Hen. IV; twice in 2 Hen. IV; six times in Hen. V. *Scotch* once in Much Ado. *Scotish* once in Mer. of Ven., twice in 1 Hen. IV; *Scots* once in Hen. V; *Scotland* once in Comedy of Errors; five times in 1 Hen. IV; three times in 2 Hen. IV; once in Hen. V; ten times in Macbeth. The *Scotch* dialect is introduced in Hen. V, but this part of act iii, was probably dropt in representation as early as 1600; after this date the offensive words *Scot*, *Scotch*, etc., never occur in Shakespeare.

F. G. FLEAY.

QUERIES.

One who reads Shakespeare for pleasure only, and has not the leisure to overcome the many and great difficulties of the text, believing that many of your

readers may be meeting with similar perplexities, begs a little space in your Question Department for the following (to him) problems:

(8.) 1 Hen. iv; III, iii, 133.

Falstaff, " * * * why a thing to thank God on."

What does he mean?

(9.) Twelfth Night, II, v, 137.

Fabian " * * * though it be as rank as a fox."

Sir Toby had just remarked that Malvolio was "at a cold scent," not a *rank* one, and Fabian had, by implication, admitted that fact, what then are we to make of the clause quoted?

(10.) Hamlet III, ii, 296.

Horatio. "You might have rhymed." Please supply the word to take the place of "*peacock*," and rhyme with "*was*;" also, give me the "*point*" to his substitution of the word *peacock*.

(11.) Ibid, line 359. Ham. "Ay, but sir, 'while the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty."

Please give me the proverb complete. Does "*musty*" here mean *trite*?

GROATSWORTH.

The Drama.

AY, EVERY INCH A KING.

HENRY IRVING, it is said, has made Shakespeare fashionable. Mr. Archer, in as thorough a criticism of the Lyceum hero as we have seen,* says that Irving has put the great dramas in stage vogue again and occasioned a livelier study of them than has long been known. If this is true, here is reason enough for his fame, whatever other justification there may be. To see Shakespeare unimpeachably acted would be glorious, but to see him represented frequently, conscientiously, and enthusiastically is fine and worth applause.

So it is also in considering the effectiveness of the lesser lights of the Shakespearian stage. The illumination of undisputed genius is beyond everything, yet the serviceableness of honest zeal is something well worth while. In witnessing Mr. Sheridan's impersonations of Shakespeare, we may feel it a grievous pity that they are not finer, and yet if we find them carefully undertaken we need not grudge them due acknowledgment.

A much poorer actor than we are likely to find Mr. Irving to be, or as insufficient a one as Mr. Sheridan is, establishes a just claim upon our recognition if he loves and studies Shakespeare. Even if he does not study him to any great enlightening effect, we can well afford to give him credit for his earnestness and thanks for that higher conception of the play to which, through the very by-road of his defects, he guides us. Such an actor may fail to show us what a great part is, but he does not fail to show us what it is not, and such opposite rather than apposite knowledge the acting of Shakespeare must oftenest bring to lovers of Shakespeare. It is a pity that this should be so, but it is a pity which carries with it a humorous, left-handed kind of compensation. Although not many things are so bad as indifferent acting of Shakespeare, not many things, short of an overwhelmingly pat histrionic hit, can help us to form clearer ideas of the poet's meaning. Surely it must have often occurred to Shakespeare-lovers that nothing so curiously shows the Olympian eminence of the dramatist as the flat failure of

very reputable efforts to approach him. The genius that animates every line fascinates us irresistibly in the reading, but it draws us after almost unconscious, half-unwitting of the sweet reasonableness of its magic. The play is worked within us and our own moved mind must be more the actor than the audience; but in the acting, our secret emotions, our undefined impressions, take fairer shape before us, and while the stage play outside proceeds, we can look on this picture and on that, trace connections, contrast effects and, judging how far the representation falls below or how far it rises above our instinctive ideal, get a riper notion of Shakespeare's mind and art. Thus, whether acting is poor or fine, or only indifferent honest, it can always do us this valuable service, it can give us a measure to measure it by, and teach us further lessons from the unexhausted text.

Sheridan's *Lear* never lifts us far from a very cool application of this exacting measure. The emotions he evokes scarcely disturb our busy reasoning upon his manner of expressing the part. No magnetic influence carries our enthusiasm captive and compels its allegiance to a masterly interpretation. Perhaps this is too much to ask; for certainly Sheridan is not a great artist. Still, he is an earnest, painstaking player. Feeling this and smothering our often-rising indignation at the disconnected, garbled version of the play, the inaccurately spoken parts, and general imbecility of the support, we ask ourselves patiently what is the trouble with this *Lear* of his that it has so lost its charm.

It is elaborately "fond and foolish." It is prominently grounded and shaped on one quality which belongs to Shakespeare's *Lear*, on the "unruly waywardness of infirm years," and on another, a super-added silliness of his own, which does not at all belong to the quick-witted, lovable, dignified, and authoritative king of the play, whose impetuous heart, rash judgment, and slender knowledge of himself, sufficed to bring upon him a stupendous and heart-rending woe. Sheridan's *Lear* is tall and spare of form, the wrists shriveled and weak, the hands thin and convulsive,

* Henry Irving, Manager and Actor: Field & Tuer, London.

with their skinny thumbs set on them at a wide angle, the gait is uncertain, the voice wavering and disagreeable in tone, harsh in rage and piping in complaint. His whole manner emphasizes the indiscretions and dotage of old age. All this we must acknowledge makes an image wrought with skill. Yet the skill seems often misapplied. This old age is not lovely; it misses a deepest stroke of pathos in losing that beauty of grandeur and nobility in decay which must have belonged to him whom *Albany* calls "a gracious aged man whose reverence the head-lugged bear would lick."

If Shakspeare's *Lear* was nothing more than Sheridan's, nothing more than "a poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man," then not even the "monster ingratitude" of his most wolfish and unnatural daughters, the "pitiless pelting" of the wrathful night they shut him out in, nor the great breach they made "in his abused nature, the untuned and jarring senses * * Of this child-changed father," could prove circumstances strong enough to so mightily shake our pity and inflame our sympathy. Other most moving attributes must make up the portrait of this king of sorrows, attributes which, like the subtle crowning touches of a consummate painter, stamp the work a master-piece.

One scene, which in Sheridan's hands was most unsatisfactory, leads us to recognize a group of these telling characteristics.

Disguised *Kent*, seeking service of the king, replies, when *Lear* asks him,—

"Dost thou know me, fellow?"

"No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master"

"What's that?" demands *Lear*.

"Authority," *Kent* answers.

This answer in Sheridan's representation had the effect of a brutal joke on the empty state of the king, or an artful flattery of his doting incapability; while in Shakspeare it seems rather a touch to reveal the royal and loyalty-inspiring nature of *Lear*, showing in despite of "necessity's sharp pinch" and making a contrast with his fallen condition, sharp-edged and pathetic, but neither ignominious nor chagrining. Besides, *Kent's* devotion to his king loses motive and beauty if we are to imagine a *Lear* devoid of an innate majesty which physical infirmity and tottering sense may pitifully subdue, but cannot altogether quench.

Some men are born to mastery, and such a man was *Lear*. Like others of his kind, he was not over-wise, "the best and soundest of his time (had) been but rash," he never knew himself but slenderly,—“he still would manage those authorities which he (had) given away,” the “unconstant starts” and “hideous rashness” of his “poor judgment” often appeared only “too grossly,” and these “imperfections of long-engrafted condition” were not effaced but merged in his madness and infirmity,—yet to the last he was “every inch a king.” His intelligence was of a fine grain, he took impressions upon the merest hint, and his answering thoughts were keen and quickly stated; even his madness was mixed with pertinency; and that frank, rash heart of his, which at one choleric prompting gave all to his “dog-hearted” daughters and stripped *Cordelia* of his benediction, was never humbled to the level of his distresses. Stung with a “sovereign shame,” it would by no means yield to take him to the daughter he had wronged till she herself should send to bring him to her. *Lear* was of just such an imperious, generous, and faulty mould as makes conspicuous and influential heroes—heroes who challenge admiration even in their excesses of outrageous wrath or grossest blemishes of ill-considered judgment. Such natures are royal and elicit loyalty; they carry with them a

divine right, dependent on no nicely weighed compact of reason, to our fealty and our affection. They will ever be followed in the period of their power by parasites, flatterers, and false-hearted lovers who live on their faults and make capital of their free-handed abundance, but in the hour of their misfortune there will still be found with them some few faithful ones, like honest, manly *Kent*, who willingly risked life to do honorable service to his “enemy king,” some gentle-hearted fellow like the fool who labored to outjest *Lear's* “heart-struck injuries,” and kept ‘midst his absorbing misery one part in his heart yet sorry for his poor fool, yet warm with human kindness. So, too, they may still have passive friends like *Albany*—whom the king, rightly, had ever more affected than *Cornwall*—who weakly let the stronger evil lead them until it is almost too late to declare a helpful allegiance to the right. So, too, most surely will they have to love them some precious, queenly woman like *Cordelia*, who devote themselves to forgiving and forgetting the wrongs they clearly recognized, who cry they have “no cause—no cause” to be avenged, and offer, as *Cordelia* offered *Lear*, restoration instead of revenge, kisses in the place of poison.

Gloucester's ills are in substance almost equal to *Lear's*, but certainly in effect they are as nothing in comparison. His stiffer, duller, shallower nature makes even his great woes half tiresome to us, while *Lear's* sufferings are by his own weight always central and absorbing. His misfortunes would have been “a sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,” they were “past speaking of in a king.” A perception thus warranted by Shakspeare of the essentially royal nature of *Lear*, indefinitely and enticingly noble in despite of faults, alone could make the tragedy so eminently pathetic as it is. Yet this excellent kingliness of heart and mind and manner Sheridan gave us small glimpse of in his interpretation, while he dwelt on the slightest details of his dotage and insanity. However, it is not with these details that we would hold any quarrel—it is a fuller, more majestic conception of the character on which we would insist.

Sheridan gave the prayer for nature's curses upon *Goneril* in the Garrick manner—throwing away his staff, coming to the front, kneeling with hands clasped, and pronouncing his revengeful longings with a slow intensity which the audience much applauded. It was carefully studied and well done, but the accompanying contortions of face and waving of body were too monotonously continued, and the whole business seemed rather a trick to effect admiration than a means to compel emotion.

The last scenes were most strikingly rendered,—the “second childishness and mere oblivion,” the slow consciousness of his recognition of *Cordelia*, later the old man's boasting that he had killed “the slave that was a hanging” her, his indifference to *Kent* or any other than his dear dead daughter, his half-dumb grief and final relief in death, were wonderfully touching, still, they held for us no such enchantment of misery as holds us in the play.

The secret of this comparatively powerlessness of Sheridan's *Lear* may be found in the limitations of its ideal beauty. It is not great, it is not satisfying, because it represents so commonplace and unmagical a nature and so ignoble an old age.

The best service it can render us is to drive us back once more to the play itself, there to seek line by line the warrant for those impressions which have often borne us on too spell-bound to question, but never to feel, the charm of the irresistible flow of the story.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

Shakespearian Societies.

[The Secretaries of Shakespearian Societies are invited to furnish the minutes of their meetings and whatever is of value and interest in their essays and discussions for publication in this department.]

THE CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY, OF CLIFTON, NEAR BRISTOL, ENGLAND, commenced on October 13th, 1883, the session of 1883-4. The retiring President, Mr. John Williams, read a paper on "The Study of Shakspeare," and the rest of the evening was given to the transaction of miscellaneous business.

Its President for the coming year is Miss Constance O'Brien, and the plays selected for study during the coming session are the following:

1883, 7.30 p. m., Oct. 20. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Reading.

Oct. 27. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Criticism.

Nov. 10. *Coriolanus*. Reading.

Nov. 24. *Coriolanus*. Criticism.

Dec. 8. *Pericles*. Reading.

Dec. 22. *Pericles*. Criticism.

1884, Jan. 12. *Cymbeline*. Reading.

Jan. 26. *Cymbeline*. Criticism.

Feb. 9. *The Tempest*. Reading.

Feb. 23. *The Tempest*. Criticism.

March 8. *The Winter's Tale*. Reading.

March 22. *The Winter's Tale*. Criticism.

April 5. *Henry VIII*. Reading.

April 26. *Henry VIII*. Criticism.

May 10. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Reading.

May 24. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Criticism.

Oct. 4. President's Address and Business Meeting.

The following critical departments have been established. It is intended that at each critical meeting a report upon each department shall be presented in connection with the play then before the Society.

The order in which the reports will be taken will be determined each time by ballot:

Sources and History, John Williams; Metre and Authorship, Miss Constance O'Brien; Grammar; Shakspeare's Play-craft; Aesthetic Criticism; Historical References; Classical and Mythical Allusions, C. A. Scott Watson; Similes and Metaphors, John Taylor; Dress and Social Customs, Miss Florence W. Herapath; Plants, Leo H. Grindon; Animals, J. E. Shaw, M. B.; Geography; Law and Heraldry; Medicine and Surgery, Nelson C. Dobson, F. R. C. S.; Music and Ballads; Demonology and Witchcraft, Mrs. C. I. Spencer; Early Dramatic Representations, Francis F. Fox; Coins, Weights, and Measures, Mrs. John Baker; Sports and Pastimes, L. M. Griffiths; Puns and Jests; Arts and Sciences; Anachronisms, J. W. Mills, B. A.; Rare Words and Phrases, J. H. Tucker; Various Readings; Biblical and Religious Allusions; Fine Art; Meats and Drinks, Mrs. L. M. Griffiths; Trade and Commerce; Tradition and Folk-lore; Satire and Irony, Rev. David Fay; Oaths and Exclamations, A. E. Hudd; Personal Histories.

Two of the characters in each play are chosen for critical comment by the Society generally.

The Secretary has also issued a notice to the members inviting them to intimate to him their willingness to write in support of or in opposition to any of the following propositions connected with the plays suggested for the winter's study:

Antony and Cleopatra.—Oct. 27, 1883. 1. Blount's "Entry" and the large percentage of weak endings in

Antony and Cleopatra prove that it is the first of the later plays.

2. The abundance of incident and detail in *Antony and Cleopatra* greatly detracts from the excellence of the play.

3. *Cleopatra* is the most wonderful of Shakspeare's creations of women.

Coriolanus.—November 24, 1883. 1. The metrical characteristics of *Coriolanus* determine its chronological position.

2. Shakspeare's social and political views can be gathered from *Coriolanus*.

3. The sarcastic wit and shrewd good sense of Menenius contrast favorably with the feeble and pompous garrulity of Polonius.

Pericles.—December 22, 1883. 1. In *Pericles* Rowley and Wilkins were joint authors with Shakspeare.

2. Shakspeare's part in the romance of *Pericles* shows that his interest in the drama was declining.

3. Cerimon is Dr. John Hall.

Cymbeline.—January 26, 1884. 1. A close study of *Cymbeline* lends support to the theory of the Baconian authorship of the plays.

2. The moral beauty of womanhood is the all-pervading idea of *Cymbeline*.

3. The non-essential parts of *Cymbeline* show great carelessness in their treatment.

The Tempest.—February 23, 1884. 1. External and internal tests show that *The Tempest* was written about 1610-11.

2. Shakspeare's observance of the Unities in *The Tempest* entitles it to special commendation.

3. Shakspeare's object in writing *The Tempest* was to bring forward the question of the relationship of the civilized and uncivilized races.

The Winter's Tale.—March 22, 1884. 1. A comparison of *The Winter's Tale* with *Pandosto* is alone sufficient to establish Shakspeare's marvelous powers.

2. In the *Winter's Tale* Shakspeare meant to enforce the lesson of forgiveness of wrongs.

3. Autolycus takes rank with the greatest literary creations.

Henry VIII.—April 26, 1884. 1. Metrical tests show that a large part of *Henry VIII* (including iii, 2, 203-460) was written by Fletcher.

2. The grandeur of England resulting from the establishment of the Reformation is the governing thought of *Henry VIII*.

3. In *Henry VIII* the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine.

The Two Noble Kinsmen.—May 24, 1884. 1. Most, if not all, of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was written by Fletcher and Massinger.

2. The under-plot in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is thoroughly non-Shaksperian.

3. The departures from Chaucer which are made in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* are in accordance with Shakspeare's modes of treating originals.

The foregoing list, compiled in great measure, and often word for word, from books in the Society's library, is meant only to be suggestive and not at all to lay down any limit to the subjects to be brought for-

ward. Discussion on papers is more likely to be general if the titles of the papers can be announced beforehand.

THE WEST PHILADELPHIA SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY is possibly the only organization of its kind composed exclusively of ladies. It consists of some twenty-four members, and meets every Monday afternoon from three o'clock till six. Its method of study is to cast the parts among the members some days before the meeting, and to read one act or more in an afternoon. Especial attention is given to elocution and the proper pronunciation of the words. The text is then critically examined, and the remaining time is given to the reading and discussion of critical essays on the characters and æsthetic beauties of the play. During the session of 1882-83, it read *King John*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Richard the Second*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Henry IV (Parts I and II)*, and *Henry V*. It has commenced the session of 1883-4 with *Henry VI*. The nucleus of a library has been formed, and the Society intends to enlarge it by many additions in the near future. Its officers are:

President—Mrs. George W. Kendrick.
Vice-President—Mrs. George W. Smith.
Secretary—Mrs. John McCullough.
Treasurer—Mrs. L. D. Judd.

THE GREENSBURG (PA.) SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY is composed of some fifteen members of the various professions, who meet at stated intervals to join with their brethren in every land in the study of the great poet. An active interest in the study of Shakespeare is therefore required of all applicants for membership. It has in its past sessions finished the study of the *Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*, and is at present occupied with the perusal of *Henry the Eighth*. More attention is given to an æsthetic study of the plays than to a textual criticism, although the Club intends to make that a prominent feature of future work.

Its members are:

Dr. J. W. Anewalt; Alexander Coulter, civil engineer; Hilary S. Brunat, editor; Edward B. Kenly, Esq., merchant; W. H. Young, attorney-at-law; Silas A. Kline, District Attorney; G. Dallas Albert, author and attorney; John A. Latta, ex-Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania; Prof. J. R. Spiegel, Superintendent of Schools, and Dr. J. W. B. Kamerer.

Its officers are:

President—A. D. McConnell, attorney-at-law.
Vice-President—Hon. J. A. Hunter, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Vice-President—John B. Keenan, Esq.
Treasurer—Frank Cowan, attorney-at-law.
Secretary—James B. Laux, editor.

JAMES B. LAUX.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, MONTREAL.—The first monthly meeting of the Shakespeare Club was held upon November 5th, Mons. E. Lafleur in the chair. The play of "Julius Caesar," the subject of the Club's reading during the previous month, being before the meeting, Mr. T. D. King read a paper declaring for Brutus as the hero of the play, pointing out that public duty was the keynote of his character, but that possibility was for him a sufficient ground of action. The similarity in thought and style between the play and "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" was also pointed out, as well as the difficulty the reader felt in accounting for Brutus' yielding to Cassius. In the discussion that followed, Messrs. N. Rielle and H. Abbott vindicated the character of Cassius from the aspersions cast upon it by the reader. Mons. E. Lafleur then introduced the subject of "the morality of assassination" suggested by the play, pointing out the consensus of ancient writers in favor of the assassination of tyrants, and the difficulty of accounting for the difference of sentiment with regard to it in modern times. In the discussion that followed, the Secretary suggested as an element of the problem, the fact of the higher sanctity attaching to human life in modern times. Mr. F. McLennan then introduced the subject of "the true sphere and aim of the drama," illustrating his remarks by an interesting selection from the preface to Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," which elicited a lively discussion as to the general truth of the historical philosophy of the distinguished Frenchman.

R. W. BOODLE, Hon. Sec.

THE AVON SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY, which was inadvertently located in the last number of SHAKESPEARIANA in New York city, but which has its actual situs in Topeka, Kansas, commenced its fourteenth year of study on October 1st by the election of A. M. F. Randolph, President; Mrs. C. J. Brown, Vice-President, and Miss Lucy D. Kingman, Secretary. At the following meeting, Mr. A. K. Rodgers gave a biographical sketch of Shakespeare. At the meeting of October 29th, Mr. W. H. Rosington gave a succinct account of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, and at the meeting of November 12th, Mr. C. J. Brown pleasantly entertained the Society with an essay upon "The Sources of the Subjects of the Comedies."

A. H. THOMPSON.

Reviews.

SHAKESPEARE'S BONES.*

THE importance of exhuming whatever may be found in Shakespeare's grave has lately been set forth in a thin, small-quarto volume of forty-eight pages, published in London by Trübner & Co., and bearing the dismal title at the head of this article. In order that the reading public may know the authority of this publication, the author's name is thus fully stated upon

the title-page of his book: "C. M. Ingleby, LL. D., V. P. R. S. L., Honorary Member of the German Shakespeare Society, and a Life-Trustee of Shakespeare's Birthplace, Museum, and New Place, at Stratford-upon-Avon." A very considerable portion of this book is devoted to the relation of various exhumations of notable people, fourteen pages of the forty-eight telling the story, from *Macmillan's Magazine* for May, 1863, of the death and burial of Schiller and the collection and

**Shakespeare's Bones*.—The proposal to disinter them considered in relation to their possible bearing on his portraiture: Illustrated by instances of visits of the living to the dead. By C. M. Ingleby, LL. D., V. P. R. S. L. London: Trübner & Co., 1883.

disposal of his skeleton twenty years afterward; and this is, in fact, to those who have never before read it, the most interesting portion of the book, though the interest thus excited is not of a pleasing kind, but startles us by the horrible nature of some of the circumstances. The instances cited are brought forward for the purpose of showing that the exhumation of the remains of a great man is not a new thing, and that "it is too late for the most reverential and scrupulous to object." After this latter remarkable proposition follows a statement equally remarkable: "When a man has been long in the grave, there are probably no family feelings to be wounded by such an act;" that is, an invasion of the sanctity of the grave. Why should family feelings be wounded, in any case, by the exhumation of the remains of a relative? Dr. Ingleby, throughout his book, has so completely ignored thought or mention of the laceration of the feelings of those who love Shakespeare, which would occur if this plan that he is advocating were carried into effect, that we are at a loss to understand why he should refer to family feelings. Is there any other so important reason why family feelings would be wounded, in such a case, as because of the love a family have for the memory of a dead relative? Surely none. But is not our love of Shakespeare of the same character as family love? and even more of an active sentiment than the ordinary memories of the dead?

This is the defect of the book; it leaves sentiment out of the argument when the case is especially one that calls forth sentiment. Few persons, probably none, have been so widely loved and venerated, after family and social ties and the active, living relations of men were cut by death, as Shakespeare. He holds the hearts of the world, of living men and women, by the greatness of his own heart. Need I say love is different from admiration when I wish to call attention to the fact? Many persons of transcendent genius have been admired by succeeding generations; a few have been loved. The power of the heart, like that of the brain—to use common forms of distinction—is immortal. Out of the graves of the mighty dead both extend lines of communication to the living, making the ages blend in spite of time. Shakespeare is loved. It is not that he was the wonderful dramatist, the magic poets the broad-thoughted sage, that we feel such tenderness for the man come to us out of his works. It is the sympathetic power which he possessed, the magnetic influence of which survives in his works, and, emanating thence, exerts its mysterious force to claim and draw our love. It is heart appealing to heart in the same way as happens between personal friends and in families. "No family feelings to be wounded!" All English-speaking people and many, many others are of the family of Shakespeare. As there are instances, in families, of those that are not much moved by kindred love, or who are engrossed in certain pursuits to the partial extinction or forgetfulness of it, so there are those who are not conscious of being drawn to Shakespeare; but these are the exceptions to the rule. I believe the learned author, who has written this English book now under consideration, would find that he, himself, has feelings to be wounded if his proposed exhumation plan were carried to effect; and would feel the dead poet's reproach—yes, even some influence from that epitaph cut into the stone over the grave, no doggerel, as some have thoughtlessly named it—in spite of his membership in many learned societies and his desire to set vexed questions at rest. Be this as it may, it is undoubtedly true that his proposed plan calls up feelings of repugnance and indignation in many hearts. A friend is assailed, one no longer able to defend himself except by his friends. The talisman

that has so long kept off the invader is now declared of no right power—"Ben Jonson, the probable author." It is needless to say Shakespeare cares not now for his remains. It is not the dead Shakespeare that would feel the outrage, but the living one—the Shakespeare in our hearts; not the man Shakespeare who died in 1616, but the myriad hearts that beat to-day with feelings which he has inspired.

We, who love Shakespeare, have a right to demand that no one shall strike at our idol through his grave; and we do demand it. The learned Doctor would not deface our idol, but would find proof of his authenticity that might put his defamers at a disadvantage. We want no proof. Shakespeare is his own proof; and we, his lovers, are his witnesses. What other dead man can call up such a host? The learned Doctor would establish his portrait. In the interest of science this is unnecessary. Shakespeare could not have had a narrow, ignoble head, a receding forehead, a weak, or a wicked face. His skull would show his power of intellect, or it would not be his. If this is not so, our science is worth nothing, and all progress in the knowledge of craniology has been in a wrong direction and utterly in vain. Nor do his lovers need the revelation of a new portrait or any indorsement of an old one. A style of face has come down to us which we know as the Shakespearian face—there are several delineations of the features out of which we make our ideal of the poet. It is really that he paints his own portrait. We have given us a certain form of face; but the variations of features are such that we are not compelled to accept as his any absolutely defined details. This gives play to our imaginations, and they are helped by those marvelous creations that speak out of our poet's dramas as no other characters have ever spoken. Hamlet, King Lear, Othello, Portia, Cordelia, Imogen, and all their brotherhood and sisterhood paint for us the poet's features. No; we want no more portraits than we have; they are enough. Shakespeare painted by his own characters upon that face, which we find to be his because it has in it the possibilities of his genius, presents more beautiful features, better to be beloved, than any canvas could possibly show, than any measurement of a skull could possibly indicate. Our poet's own contemporary comprehended how much more beautifully and accurately Shakespeare was portrayed by his works than by his pictures when he wrote,

"Reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book."

We have his picture more truly than that of any man that lived so long ago as he did. It is not paintings of features only that make a portrait, it is what we see in those features, their expression, their sentiment; and our ideal face of Shakespeare is filled with nobler sentiments than adorn the face of any other man however skillfully painted by a Reynolds, Kneller, Lely, Rembrandt, Vandyke, or Rubens. It is this fullness of sentiment, belonging to our ideal, that makes us dissatisfied with any painted head, any engraving of our poet, because the artist falls so far short in sentiment of him he would delineate. I would rather hang in my library an ideal painted by an enthusiastic lover of the poet than any cold portrayal of features however perfectly authenticated by a faultless pedigree.

As we need no proof, no new portraiture, there is absolutely no reason, except of curiosity, for breaking open the grave of Stratford. The instances of the removal of bones of the dead, which are related in Dr. Ingleby's book, are little likely to bring his readers into favoring the project they are intended to help. Who would not rather think of Schiller's grave as undisturbed

in a quiet church, where enthusiastic lovers of his poetry might come, like pilgrims to a shrine, than have in remembrance that horrid search for his bones among the scattered remains of many dead bodies, some festering, like Tybalt's, in their shrouds, and others shroudless with disjointed bones; or follow his skeleton to a public museum where it was kept among rare coins and other curiosities? Is such a narrative of the adventures of a skeleton likely to make us in love with the thought of disinterring our poet? Or does this thought grow into our favor by being told of Raphael's skeleton "exhibited publicly in a glass case where multitudes thronged to the church to look upon it"? or of Milton's remains, more than one hundred years after his death, possibly exhibited to the public for two days? or of Cromwell's skull stolen from his grave in the field of Nashy, and exhibited at No. 5 Mead Court, Old Bond Street? or of Swedenborg's ear in the possession of a doctor, and his skull hawked about London? or of Ben Jonson's skull claimed by several, and duplicated or reduplicated in some mysterious way? I do not find myself growing into the Doctor's project by reading this, nor do I believe such recital is likely to help the cause for which this book was written.

Digging up graves is at best an unpleasant business, and, even when we have no interest in the remains so disturbed, stirs up feelings of abhorrence in our bosoms. Hamlet says:

"To die—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to dream!"

Although a dead man dream not of it, yet to the living, a resurrectionist's spade is an ugly dream, and one we care not to think of.

We are nowhere, perhaps, so startlingly affected by Hamlet's vagaries as when he leaps into Ophelia's grave. It is an act every way unbecoming, a madman's act. Laertes has preceded the Prince, to clasp once more his dead sister in his arms, and to give to her his last adieu before committing her body to eternal silence. Hamlet brings the racket of the world, the tumult of the angry and conflicting passions of men, into the grave of the poor girl who has sought in it her only refuge and rest. This shocks us in the extreme; for the grave should be restful; the peacefulness of it is often called for by those tired of the turmoil and vexations of the world. It should be sacred. If not for the sake of the memories of the dead, then for the sake of those who are living, but who look forward to a peaceful rest from the worries of men, which we hope death may sometime bring us.

No; neither the cause of science, the lack of a certified likeness, nor any other consideration warrants the project advocated by Dr. Ingleby's book; and that author "needs to be told," what he seems most innocently ignorant of, that his proposed exhumation of the poet's remains appears to a vast number of that poet's lovers a dishonoring of his memory. The Doctor instances Peter Bell's failure to see in a primrose aught but a weed in flower. Peter Bell's case is not singular: there are others, even in the membership of learned societies, who do not see what is very plain to the appreciation of many. Besides the voices which we hear with ears of flesh, the Doctor intimates that there are voices which science interprets for us. This is very true; but this is not all: there are still other voices which speak to our *hearts*, interpreted by our loves, and have as much right to be heard and obeyed as those speaking in the cause of science. Shall we not listen, then, when they tell our hearts that it is not right, befitting our love, nor seemingly, to disturb our beloved poet's grave? We cannot choose but listen when they cry

out how unbecoming it is in any one, and especially in one who has ably illustrated Shakespeare's text and characters with his graceful pen and active intellect, to now come forward as a grave-breaker, and, in that peaceful and venerated church at Stratford, over the grave of the noblest and dearest of poets, to cry with frenzied Romeo:

"Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open."

W. LEIGHTON, JR.

THE ANIMAL LORE OF SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.*

MEN in every age must be interpreted by their proper historic conditions, and in consequence of this indispensable law which underlies modern criticism, the activity of our time has been directed to nothing more than to the restoration of the past. Zealous specialists with unwearying industry have disclosed vestiges of obsolete thought and action all along the track of literary development. We have studied the age of Elizabeth until its life is better known to us than are the forms of culture developing about us at this hour. It is, nevertheless, impossible to exhaust all the vast and varied resources of a robust civilization, and the present volume contains the valuable results of very interesting, novel, and laborious researches. Nineteen chapters and five hundred pages have been necessary to classify and describe more than half a thousand creatures of the animal kingdom familiar to the English of the close of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth century. In her brief and pointed preface the author defines her purpose as an attempt "to bring together in an accessible form waifs and strays of information collected from various sources, relating to mediæval natural history, so far as animal life is concerned," and adds: "A knowledge of the state of natural science during the period in which our great dramatist lived may be gained not only from the writings of naturalists and antiquarians, but from similes, allusions, and anecdotes introduced into the plays, poems, and general literature of England during the latter half of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century." To none of her predecessors in this field has the author been so largely indebted as to Edmund Harting, *The Ornithology of Shakespeare, 1871*. Subordinate to this work she has found Robert Patterson, *The Insects Mentioned in Shakespeare's Plays, 1838*, and Bessie Mayou, *A Natural History of Shakespeare, 1877*, to some extent serviceable. The author has also been assisted by a few of the most prominent members of the new Shakspeare Society.

The time of Shakespeare had no science. There was then no systematic conception of the workings of nature, no recognition of the unity and order of events throughout the universe. Bacon had not yet thought out the initial principles of investigation that were to prepare the way for the resplendent group of physical sciences of the nineteenth century, but there was extant a growing belief in human relations with the things of nature. Montaigne defended the proposition that man shares with the other inhabitants of the earth every passion that he possesses, and refused to interpret the intelligence of animals by instinct alone. Not only was scientific method unknown, but the means of personal observation in the animal world were exceedingly rare; menageries were few and small, the popular literature, exaggerated travelers' tales, perpetuated

* *The Animal Lore of Shakespeare's Time*. By Emma Phipson, London: C. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1883.

the grotesque imaginations of the Middle Ages, and the educated classes, although abundantly endowed with curiosity, nevertheless accepted without question the absurd conjectures and unfounded guesses of Pliny. The accumulation of superstitions associated with the tribes of animals was augmented and strengthened by the unhesitating acceptance as absolute truth of the errors in the natural history contained in the Bible, and the blunders made by the Scripture translators. *The Animal Lore of Shakespeare's Time* is therefore an important and valuable chapter in the history of traditions and "myths of observation." Wherever man has exercised the power of thought, he has invested the objects directly accessible to sense with fabulous attributes derived from the aspects of human character and circumstance. Shakespeare has made a subtle and surprising use of this folk lore, and close study of it is indispensable to a proper appreciation of some of his most sweeping thoughts. Fable is always more than history and yields more to the student. Exactitude of knowledge, the prose of life, could not exist without the capability of humanity to create legends, the poems of existence. How these superstitions arose, how it came that men accepted them for truths, why it is that they live on unchanged by centuries and pass with silent footsteps over continents and seas, these questions open up to us on every page of Miss Phipson's book.

The chief value of the work to us as students of Shakespeare is, in the first place, that it aims to put completely in our possession the aggregate knowledge of the animal kingdom that was extant in the age of Elizabeth. Until we are able to take such a comprehensive survey as the present work affords of the sum of information open to the poet, it is impossible for us to determine how far Shakespeare participated in the beliefs common in his time, and in what measure he transcended the special influences at work around him, and endowed flower and beast with a meaning in contrast to that accepted by his associates.

The second valuable aspect of a compilation of this kind is the extent to which it improves our methods of studying the growth of Shakespeare's thought and power. All the great things of mind and hand are associated closely with the events in the life of their author. Only the cardinal incidents in the career of Shakespeare are known to us, and it remains to finally connect these circumstances with the increase of energy and knowledge displayed in the chronological succession of the dramas. The most important events in human life are not those most apparent. The profoundest influences upon personal destiny may be brought home from a solitary walk, or may dawn upon the mind in the seclusion of the study. When Shakespeare left "that best academy, his mother's knee," nature was more his teacher than the pedant of the school. Every creeping thing in the woods of Warwick, every blossoming flower and storm-scarred tree, taught him more things than were dreamt of in the philosophy of Wittenberg. Before he was summoned to meet the

power-imparting trials of London life, Shakespeare was organizing and adorning his nature at Stratford with his first romantic readings in "nature's infinite book of secrecy." These early forms of culture had a determining influence upon the character and versatility of his thought, and were never throughout life entirely obliterated. In answer to the question why Shakespeare abounds so much more than his contemporaries in animal metaphors and similes, Miss Phipson points to his larger sympathy with nature, but also thinks that possibly his deeper study of the problems concerning the origin and destiny of humanity led him to connect man more closely with his fellow-inhabitants of the earth.

We learn from one chapter that Shakespeare "in no one instance mentioned with appreciation the moral qualities of the dog." Every dog is to him a cur whose normal condition is to snarl and bite. Recently in the English men of Letters Series, Professor Huxley approved Shakespeare's idea of the dog's total depravity. He said: "One of the most curious peculiarities of the dog's mind is its inherent snobbishness, shown by the regard paid to external respectability. The dog who barks furiously at a beggar will let a well-dressed man pass him without opposition." (*Hume*, p. 104, cf. *Lear*, IV, vi, 159.) This Oriental dislike for the dog gives the sharpness to tortured Lear's exclamation:

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.—(*Lear* III, vi, 65.)

Space does not permit us to cull out the many interesting references that throng the pages of Miss Phipson's book. Of every animal that ever passed under the observing eye of Shakespeare, she has something to tell us. We read of the monkey that runaway Jessica got in exchange for a turquoise ring, of the bat that bore Ariel in his flight after summer, of the thorny hedge hogs that lay tumbling in the barefoot way of brutish Caliban, of the Irish wolves that howled against the moon, of the fox "which lives by subtlety," of the ferret with the fiery eyes, of the "quarrelous" weasel, the otter that's "neither fish nor flesh," the "arm'd rhinoceros and Hyrcan tiger," the elephant that "hath joints but none for courtesy," the "melancholy" hare, the "earth-delving" conies that emerge from their burrows after rain, and of the wise rats that quit the rotten carcass of Prospero's unrigged boat. Here, too, we find the "ribald crow," the hedge-sparrow that "fed the cuckoo so long that it had its head bit off by its young," the starling "taught to speak nothing but 'Mortimer,'" the lark that "sings hymns at heaven's gate," the "princely" eagle, and the owl, "the fatal bellman which gives the stern'st good-night." Not less we recognize the trout "that must be caught with tickling," the chub "which some a chevin call, food to the tyrant pike," the "crooked-backed" dolphin, and the "ravin'd salt-sea shark." The entire survey of medieval natural history closing with the fabulous mermaid, the "death-darting eye" of cockatrice, and the monsters that breed in the imperious sea. S.

Miscellany.

Smith, Elder & Co. announce *Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama*, by J. A. Symonds.

Dr. Ingleby has published a second edition of his book on the Exhumation of Shakespeare's Bones.

Karl Könegen will publish at Vienna, *Englische Komödianten in Oesterreich zur Zeit Shakespeare's*, by Dr. Johannes Meissner of Vienna.

M. Paul Stapfer has been spending his summer vacation at Mansle (Charente). He is about to issue a new edition of his *Shakespeare et l'Antiquité*.

Shakespeare was played for the first time at Athens during the past summer. *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, translated by M. Demetrius Bikelas, were presented. M. Bikelas has undertaken to translate the whole of Shakespeare into Greek. Hitherto there have been only partial translations.

Italy's two most eminent tragedians are devoting much of their time to literary pursuits. Rossi is translating Julius Caesar into Italian, and Salvini will publish in the *Fanfulla della Domenica* a series of articles on the Shakespearian characters he has personated in his long and eventful dramatic career.

Mrs. Henry Pott, the editress of the *Promus of Lord Bacon*, will shortly publish a life of Francis Bacon, poet, philosopher, and dramatist. The book is intended to show, among other things, a remarkable agreement between the facts of Lord Bacon's life and the supposed chronology of Shakespeare's plays.

In consequence of suggestions that the stone over Shakespeare's grave is not the original grave-stone, Dr. Halliwell-Phillips and other Shakespearian scholars have inspected the grave and monument, and find that the freshness of the inscription is due to some unknown hand renewing the worn letters. The stone was the same as if it had never been disturbed.

We take great pleasure in saying that the author of the beautiful sonnet on Shakespeare in the last number of *SHAKESPEARIANA* was Mr. William Leighton, Jr., of Wheeling, West Virginia, a poet of marked ability, and a Shakespearian who has gained the esteem of all scholars, not less by his admirable work on "The Subjection of Hamlet," than by his "Sketch of Shakespeare."

An edition of Coleridge's *Lectures on Shakespeare* is announced by Bell & Sons, to which will be added the lectures delivered in 1811-13, as taken down by the late John Payne Collier, Esq. These will be supplemented by Crabbe Robinson's brief reports of five lectures, and will contain also some lectures delivered by Coleridge at Bristol in 1814, which have been brought to light by the researches of Mr. George, and which have never been hitherto published. The whole compilation is said to have an important bearing on the Collier controversy.

Henry Irving in a reply to a toast at a farewell banquet in Liverpool just prior to his departure to America said: "We can do no greater injustice to a true artist than to suppose that he lingers fondly upon what he has done. He is ever thinking of what remains

undone—ever striving toward an ideal it may never be possible to realize. A friend of mine was once a dear friend of William Charles Macready, and was with him at his final performance of *Hamlet*. The play was over, the curtain had fallen, and the great actor was sadly thinking that for the last time he had acted his much-loved part. Almost unconsciously, as he was taking off his velvet mantle and laying it aside, he muttered *Horatio's* words: 'Good-night, sweet prince,' and then, turning to his friend, 'Ah,' said he, 'I am just beginning to realize the sweetness, the tenderness, the gentleness of the character.'"

The announcement of the death of Helen Kate Furness, which sad event took place at her husband's country seat, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, on the 30th of October last, was heard with profound regret and sorrow by the fraternity of Shakespearian scholars, of which she was so distinguished a member. With many social charms, varied accomplishments, and refined tastes, which an ample wealth enabled her to cultivate and gratify, she was not unlike that "fair maid of Belmont," of whom the great poet, whom she dearly loved, has written. She was a sympathetic companion and an invaluable co-laborer of her distinguished husband, Horace Howard Furness, and her Concordance of Shakespeare's poems fitly supplements that of her sister Shakespearian, Mrs. Cowden Clark. Had she given to the world as the fruit of her life nothing more than this Concordance, she would have placed the fraternity under a debt of the heaviest obligation. Her death was not unexpected and was a happy release from continuous pain.

"Then she is well and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleeps—
And her immortal part with the angels lives."

Mr. F. C. Burnand has had another "happy thought." That is, he calls it happy. The London critics don't. It is a notion he has that Shakespeare's *Tempest* contains fustian enough for a modern burlesque, which he has brought out at the Gaiety Theatre. In the midst of the outcry this proposition has occasioned in polite literary society this audacious playwright has risen again to explain, but he has only succeeded in making a bad business more notable, and in calling down upon that which for courtesy's sake we may call his head the righteous indignation of the *Saturday Review*. With an august and solemn pleasure most edifying to behold the *Review* has taken the trouble to examine the nature and expose the imbecilities of Mr. Burnand's presumptions as regards the *Tempest*, summing up the whole discussion with these appropriate lines:

"'Tis indeed as good fun as a cynic might ask,
To see how this cockney bred setter of rabbits
Takes grandly the lord of the forest to task,
And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits."

However, the pressure of two columns of the *Review's* sportive disdain may not suffice to crush Mr. Burnand. Contemplating this possibility and the viciously cheap popularities of the degraded stage, let us with sober joy congratulate ourselves that the great magician's mind is more inviolable than his skull. Dr. Ingleby may examine Shakespeare's bones, but what shallow-minded funster can fathom his ideas?